The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 173. Vol. XXIX. Subscription rate 6s. per annum post free.

FEBRUARY, 1906.

Price Sixpence. Published Monthly.

CONTENTS.

NEWS NOTES 191
WHOLESALE REPORTS OF THE BOOKSELLING TRADE 194
THE BOOKSELLERS' DIARY 196
THE READER—
Heinrich Heine. By Elizabeth Lee 197
The Choice of Books: Henry Fielding. By Ranger 202
"The Bookman" Prize Competitions 205
NEW BOOKS—
The Autobiography of Samuel Smiles 206
Descartes. By W. R. Sorley.... 207
Modern England. By Thomas Lloyd 208
St. Gregory, Bishop of Rome. By William Barry 208
Editors of Blake. By Arthur Ransome 209
An American Englishman. By Wilfred Whitten 209
The Night-Side of London. By A. St. John Adcock 210
Contemporary France. By H. Belloc 211
Waverley as Historian. By W. S. Crockett 211
Oxford in Fiction. By Y. Y. ... 212
The Queen of Scots. By D. Hay Fleming 213
A Book for a Rainy Day. By L. Quiller Couch 215
The Secret of the Totem. By Edward Clodd 215
A Word for Lady Hamilton. By Edward Fraser 216
Books on the War—and After... 217
A Modern Symposium. By Walter de la Mare 218
In the Country of Jesus. By A. M. Ramsay 219
THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE—
Admissions and Asides—Studies in Architecture — Australian Life in Town and Country—Round About My Peking Garden—Trouble in the Balkans—Memoir of Sir Henry Keppel—The Siege of the South Pole—Reminiscences of a Retired Diplomat—Etc., etc. 219-222
NOVEL NOTES—
The Lake—Moscow—The Tower of Siloam—Love the Tyrant—The Benefactor—The First Mrs. Mollivar—The Cleansing of the "Lords"—The Speculations of John Steele—His Insolence of Arras—The Last Chance—In the Hands of the Czar—Display—Baby Bullet — The Reckoning — He Loved but One—Etc., etc.. 223-225
NOTES ON NEW BOOKS 226
NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH 227

NOW READY.

'The Bookman' Illustrated History of English Literature

1s. net. **PART IV.** *1s. net.*

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

For more than a year the menace of a General Election has been admittedly something of a bogey to publishers. Many schemes have been held over until it took place. The actual date of its occurrence could not have suited publishers better. Books with any political significance have sold freely; but, generally speaking, the month has been a complete blank in regard to publishing.

We have reason to believe that the long literary partnership which has existed between Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and the *Strand Magazine* has come to a definite end, and that the novelist's work will appear no more between the familiar blue covers. It has been a long alliance, extending over some fifteen years, and comprising three series of Sherlock Holmes tales, two series of Brigadier Gerard tales, the "Round the Fire Stories," "Rodney Stone," "The Tragedy of the Korosko," "The Croxley Master," and now "Sir Nigel," the longest and most ambitious of Sir Arthur's works. Sir Arthur has not yet decided which of the magazines shall be his medium in the future; but, freed from the pressure of political work, he hopes to find that there are still some untold adventures both of his detective and of his soldier heroes.

A detailed anecdotal Life of David Garrick has for some time been a desideratum. We understand that such a work is now nearing completion; it is the work of Mrs. Clement Parsons, who has contributed many eighteenth century "pastels" to the pages of *Temple Bar*, and it will be published by Messrs. Methuen, in September.

The striking plea for an abeyance of "Race Prejudice," by the well-known French publicist, Jean Finot, editor of *La Revue*, which has received a cordial welcome in Paris, is to appear in an English translation early in the present season.

In his new edition of Boswell, noticed in a later page, Mr. Roger Ingpen, the editor, makes an interesting suggestion regarding the propriety of London having a Johnson memorial. "It is to be regretted that hardly any Johnsonian associations linger in the neighbourhood of the Fleet Street which Johnson loved so well, and where he spent so many years of his life. Let the County Council, before it is too late, purchase Johnson's house in Gough Square, and have it put into order (but not *restored*) for a Johnsonian

Museum of relics and books. A fee might be charged to inspect the house, also for the use of rooms for the meetings of literary societies. It is further suggested that a full-length statue of Johnson be erected in Gough Square, or somewhere in the neighbourhood of Fleet Street."

Among political biographies of the month, one of the most opportune is Mr. Charles Whibley's *William Pitt*, with several portraits, including one bust, in which the fullest justice is done to the great Tory statesman's "adventurous nose."

Mrs. Alec Tweedie's monograph on Porfirio Diaz, seven times President of Mexico, will be published this month.

Photo Ernest H. Mills. **Miss Beatrice Harraden.**

A new novel by Mr. Oliver Onions is in the press. It is entitled "The Drakestone."

Referring to the fact that they have published this season books by President Roosevelt and Mr. Augustine Birrell, Messrs. Scribner write:—"It is certainly a most interesting proof of the international standing of a great publishing house that it should in the same season number among the authors of its new books the chief executive of the United States and an active member of the British Cabinet. It is certainly doubtful if two active members of the two greatest Governments of the world have ever before brought out books through the same publishing house in the same season."

Professor George Santayana, whose books, "Reason in Art" and "Reason in Religion" have recently attracted much attention in this country, is delivering at the Sorbonne in Paris a series of lectures on contemporary philosophy, which have been decidedly successful and popular. "His voice and delivery," says a correspondent, "are admirable and have the true university ring, and are highly commended by his hearers. The grand Richelieu amphitheatre at the Sorbonne is thronged each day of Professor Santayana's lectures by representative audiences, largely composed of the fair sex. Professor Santayana's lectures will continue two days each week until the middle of March, when he will speak on the same subject at the provincial universities."

Miss Beatrice Harraden's new novel, "The Scholar's Daughter," will be published by Messrs. Methuen on February 15th. Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Co. publish it in America, and it will also be published in Holland on the same date. Arrangements are being made for its publication in other countries. In this book Miss Harraden confines herself solely to English life: the scenes are laid at an English country house. The title, which is a suggestive one, would seem to imply that we may expect something unscholarly from the daughter of a scholar. There are said to be only two women in the book, the scholar's daughter and an actress. There is a dramatic version of the story, which was copyrighted at Bournemouth. The same publishers, Messrs. Methuen, are issuing a new edition of Miss Harraden's collection of short stories, "In Varying Moods," thirteen editions of which have been previously issued by Messrs. Blackwood.

We understand that the business carried on by Messrs. F. E. Robinson, The Russell Press, Bloomsbury, has been acquired by Messrs. Hutchinson. A leading item in the stock transferred is the well-known series of Popular Histories of the Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge. This series Messrs. Hutchinson propose to carry to completion.

Messrs. Hutchinson will publish immediately "The Gambler," by Mrs. Cecil Thurston, the sale of whose "John Chilcote" has now reached a quarter of a million copies. The same firm will issue at once "The Far Horizon," by Lucas Malet (Mrs. St. Leger Harrison). This is the only novel Lucas Malet has written since the publication of "Sir Richard Calmady" four years ago.

Under the title, "The Champagne Standard," a collection of sketches and essays dealing with various phases of English and American life will appear

immediately from the pen of Mrs. John Lane, the wife of the well-known publisher.

Messrs. Greening and Co. will publish during the Spring season a very interesting and original book by Mr. Geo. R. Sims.

The first number of the *Gentleman's Magazine* under its new editor, Mr. A. H. Bullen, is to appear in the middle of February. Every old feature, dear to the book-lover and topographical antiquary, will, as far as possible, be revived; and it will be restored to its position as a magazine of record, and a shelf-fellow of the *Annual Register* in all mellow libraries. Among those who have promised to contribute are Mr. Frank Sidgwick, Mr. W. P. Courtney, Mr. Thomas Seccombe, and Mr. W. H. Hudson.

Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer's new novel will be published this month by Mr. Alston Rivers. This romance, called "The Fifth Queen," although complete in itself, may be regarded as the first instalment of a trilogy dealing with the little-known episodes in the short career of Catherine Howard.

"My Cornish Neighbours" is the title of a book by Mrs. Havelock Ellis, which will be published this month.

Messrs. Longmans will publish immediately another volume of their important work, "The Political History of England," which is appearing in twelve volumes, under the editorship of Dr. Hunt and Mr. Reginald Lane Poole. The new volume, the first of the series though the fourth to appear, is the work of Dr. Thomas Hodgkin.

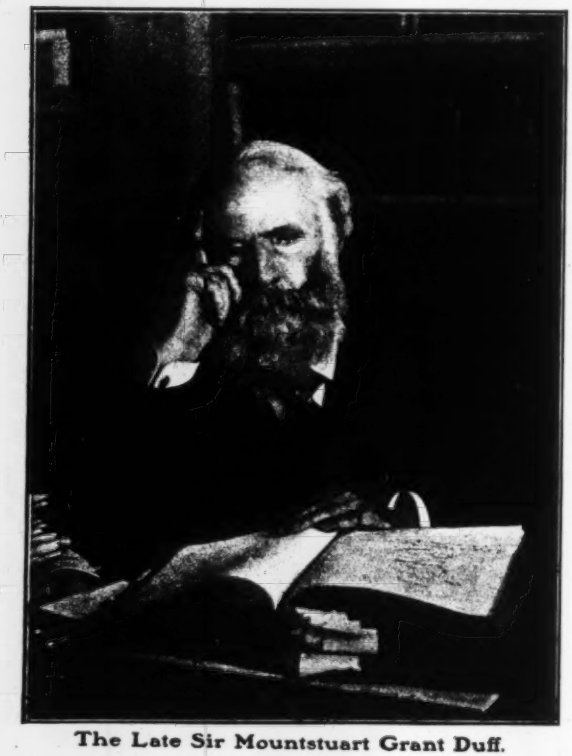
Half Scotch and half American, Frank Richardson was born in London in 1871. He was educated at Marlborough, where he was superannuated, and at Christchurch, Oxford, which he left without taking a degree. He is, at the present moment, almost the senior undergraduate of Christchurch. After being ploughed once or twice, he succeeded in being called to the Bar at the Inner Temple at the age of 21, and became a pupil of Mr. Charles Mathews, the eminent Treasury Counsel. Mr. Charles Mathews has been engaged in all the leading *causes celebres* of late years, and Frank Richardson, though not giving him any valuable assistance, obtained a vast amount of knowledge as to the inner working of the criminal mind in every branch of Society and crime.

Having discovered that whatever he was, he was not a lawyer, Frank Richardson attempted to write plays. He wrote them under the name of S. X. Courte, choosing this singular pseudonym from the fact that he had Chambers at 1, Essex Court, Temple. (On the same door on which his name appears is also that of Sir Francis Burnand.)

Photo Elliott & Fry. **Mr. Franklin Thomasson, the Proprietor of the "Tribune."**

His first two plays, produced in London, were complete failures. His third was even worse. It was an alleged comic opera. Staged at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, in succession to "La Poupee," with a phenomenal cast, "The Royal Star" ran less than a hundred nights. Press and public were unanimous as to the badness of Richardson's work. It was bad in most

Photo Elliott & Fry. **Mr. Frank Richardson.**



The Late Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff.
Photo Elliott & Fry.

ways. But it was not bad in the way that the public likes, and which makes for financial success.

Having discovered that he was not a playwright and having had the fact certified, he wrote a novel, "The King's Counsel." This work he sent round to the majority of the leading publishers. They all returned it with enthusiasm. As it was a serious novel and could not be published, the unfortunate Richardson came to the conclusion that he was not a serious novelist, and tried to write a comic novel. It, likewise, found no publisher. *Punch* took two or three of his articles and paid well for them. Other magazines took a great many of his articles and did not pay for them. Incidentally, finding that unpaid journalism was not remunerative, he developed a talent for caricature, and became the caricaturist of the *Candid Friend*. This office, also, was unpaid.

As a forlorn hope, Mr. Richardson tried writing short stories. Even his shortest stories were refused. But a stroke of good fortune came Mr. Richardson's way. He had written a story called "The Inspector of Private Nuisances." Before having it refused in the ordinary way, he showed it to Mr. George Street, who in turn showed it to Mr. Sidney Lee; Mr. Sidney Lee passed it on to Mr. Reginald Smith, K.C., the editor of the *Cornhill*, and he actually published it. The publication of this story attracted the attention of Mr. J. B. Pinker, the literary agent, who communicated with the author and asked him if he had ever written a book. Mr. Richardson dug up from his box-room the moth-eaten, fly-blown MSS. of "The King's Counsel" and "The Man who Lost his Past," and within a few weeks they were placed with Messrs. Chatto and Windus.

The Baroness Orczy's new book, "A Son of the People," will be published simultaneously in England and America on February 1st. "A Son of the People" is said to be a stirring story of the Hungarian plains. In view of the success of the Baroness Orczy's previous books, "The Scarlet Pimpernel" and "By the Gods Beloved," her new novel will be awaited with considerable interest. "The Scarlet Pimpernel" is now in its thirteenth thousand, and arrangements are being made for German and Italian editions.

"Mrs. Erricker's Reputation" is the title of a new novel by Mr. Thomas Cobb, which Mr. Alston Rivers will publish immediately. The brightness and vivacity of Mr. Cobb's novels are taken for granted; but in this instance the publisher is bold enough to claim that Mr. Cobb has excelled himself. A second impression of "The Pursuit of Mr. Faviel," an amusing story by Mr. R. E. Vernede, is announced by the same firm.

We have to thank Mr. William Heinemann for the help he has courteously afforded us in the illustration of this number of THE BOOKMAN. To Herr Adolf Titze, Leipsic, we are obliged for permission to reproduce portraits from "Heinrich Heine: Aus Seinem Leben und Aus Seiner Zeit," by G. Karpeles.

Wholesale Reports of the Bookselling Trade.

(1) ENGLAND.

DECEMBER 20TH, 1905, TO JANUARY 20TH, 1906.

Another Christmas season has passed into the region of history, and as such a period is of so momentous a consequence to the trade, it is satisfactory to be able to chronicle that it has left a good record. With the festival on a Monday, thus leaving for purchases an unbroken week preceding it, coupled with an absence of the fog fiend, circumstances favoured business, and a most successful result was attained, the various distributing centres being kept at top speed until the last moment.

The holiday once passed, a complete lull ensued, but towards the end of the month the demand has freshened a little. However, the Parliamentary election, which takes place at a most convenient time, is sure to have a somewhat deadening effect on the market.

In fiction, no work of especial prominence has appeared, and the sales have consisted of an aftermath of the previous successful items.

At 3s. 6d., "Captains All" has sold freely. The appearance of the "Life of Lord Randolph Churchill" added yet another item to the already long list of biographies which have proved so prominent a feature in the output of the season. Amongst others of this

class, which continue to maintain a hold upon the public taste, are "Seymour Vandeleur," "Mrs. Brookfield and her Circle," "Froude" (by H. Paul), the "Granville Memoirs," and "Father Gapon's Life."

The circulation of "The Queen's Carol" attained to enormous dimensions, but from a trade point of view it has been a line which has been worked almost gratuitously, and much inconvenience has been experienced owing to the continued inadequacy of the supply.

The public evidently appreciate the amount of persistence and nerve which Mr. Schillings has evinced in procuring the subjects which form the illustrations to "With Flashlight and Rifle," and the book, having had a large sale, continues to be in constant request. A continued demand has also been noticeable for "A Staff Officer's Scrap-Book," "Empire and the Century," and "The High Road of Empire."

Almanacks, Diaries, and commercial requisites of a similar nature have been freely disposed of throughout the month, and towards the close scholastic literature has formed a material portion of the trade transacted.

"The School of Suffering," a short memoir of Mary E. E. Moule, written by her father, has, by its wide circulation, evidently appealed strongly to an extensive number of readers.

The following is a list of the books which have been most in demand throughout the past month:—

Six Shilling Novels.

Soprano. By F .M. Crawford. (Macmillan.)
Ayesha. By H. R. Haggard. (Ward, Lock.)
Kipps. By H. G. Wells. (Macmillan.)
The Hill. By H. A. Vachell. (J. Murray.)
Cherry Ribband. By S. R. Crockett. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Princess Priscilla's Fortnight. (Smith, Elder.)
Sands of Pleasure. By F. Young. (Richards.)
Black Spaniel. By R. Hichens. (Methuen.)
Starvecrow Farm. By S. J. Weyman. (Hutchinson.)
The King's Achievement. By R. H. Benson. (Pitman.)
Scarlet Pimpernel. By Baroness Orczy. (Greening.)

Captains All. By W. W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Chariots of the Lord. By J. Hocking. 3s. 6d. (R. T. S.)
Four Just Men. By E. Wallace. 3s. 6d. net. (Tallis Press.)
They. By Rudyard Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Earl Granville Memoirs. By Lord E. Fitzmaurice. 2 vols. 30s. net. (Longmans.)
The Queen's Carol. 2s. 6d. net. (Amalgamated Press.)
With Flashlight and Rifle. By F. G. Schillings. 2 vols. 24s. net. (Hutchinson.)
Life of Seymour Vandeleur. By Col. F. I. Maxse. 12s. 6d. net. (National Review.)
Mrs. Brookfield and her Circle. By C. and F. Brookfield. 2 vols. 28s. net. (Pitman.)
Lord Randolph Churchill. By W. S. Churchill. 2 vols. 36s. net. (Macmillan.)
A Staff Officer's Scrap-Book. By Sir Ian Hamilton. 18s. net. (E. Arnold.)
Froude. By H. Paul. 16s. net. (Pitman.)
Father Gapon's Life. 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman and Hall.)
Rip Van Winkle. Illustrated by Rackham. 15s. net. (Heinemann.)
Empire and the Century. 21s. net. (J. Murray.)
The High Road of Empire. By A. H. H. Murray. 21s. net. (J. Murray.)
The School of Suffering. By Bishop H. C. G. Moule. 1s. 6d. (S. P. C. K.)
Almanacks, Diaries, etc.

WEEKLY REPORTS OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Dec. 23—Intense activity in every department.
" 30—A very slack week.
Jan. 6—Still very quiet.
" 13—Slightly increased demand.
" 20—Quiet in all departments.

(2) SCOTLAND.

DECEMBER 18TH, 1905, TO JANUARY 18TH, 1906.

Christmas, the booksellers' harvest, has again come and gone. Business this season all over we believe has been very good, although in the case of a few of the larger buyers the lack of a volume to take the place of "Gladstone's Life" has been a distinct want. This Christmas there was no great outstanding book or novel; this in many cases benefited the bookseller, as his clients were content to choose from the stock on his shelves. Thin-paper editions of Ruskin, Stevenson, and other choice classics, art-books and selections issued by Messrs. Nelson, Newnes, Blackwood, Duckworth, Methuen, Dent, and others were the fashion of the season and had a great sale. Dainty booklets issued by Messrs. Foulis, Gowans and Gray, De La More Press, and also "A Denominational Garden" were daily inquired for, in many cases for dispatch in place of the time-honoured Christmas-card.

"Told to the Children," that choice series of books for very little children, moved off well, and must have proved a great success.

A booklet from C. Kernahan at this time is sure of a

Photo by Reginald Haines.

A Recent Portrait of Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

ready sale. "The World without a Child" proved no exception.

During the few days before Christmas the demands were mainly for volumes of *Chatterbox*, *Blackie's Annual*, *Boy's Own Annual*, and *Chums*. In fiction, "Captains All," "Soprano," "Kipps," "Red Reaper," "House of Mirth," "The Cherry Ribband" and "Princess Priscilla's Fortnight." Orders for "The Queen's Christmas Carol," which was just issued before Christmas, ran into long numbers. The sale of New Year Addresses is yearly becoming less. This year Hector Macpherson's "Scotland's Latest Battles" was the best seller.

In January there is usually a lull in publishing. This month the trade is busy with election pamphlets, guides, maps, ladders, and statistical booklets of various kinds. This should also improve the sales of Whitaker's Almanack, *Daily Mail* Year-Book, and Oliver and Boyd's Almanack.

"The Life of Lord Randolph Churchill," being published so opportunely, met with a ready sale.

Orders for the Pocket Classics of Messrs. Nelson, Harmsworth, and Collins continue to flow in steadily, new volumes in each series having just been added.

Other books which have gone well at Christmas and are still selling, are Marshall's "Our Island Story," E. V. Lucas's pleasant volumes, "A Wanderer in Holland," "The Open Road," and "The Friendly Town"; "The Garden of Nuts," by W. Robertson Nicoll; "The Days of His Flesh," by D. Smith; "The Passing of the Precentor," a link with the past by D. Fraser; and "The Day-Book of Claudius Clear."

The following magazines had extra sales this month:—The *Royal*, *Strand*, *Pearson's*, *Fortnightly Review*, and *Blackwood*.

The following is a list of the books which were most in demand during the month:—

Six Shilling Novels.

Soprano. By F. M. Crawford. (Macmillan.)
Kipps. By H. G. Wells. (Macmillan.)
The Red Reaper. By J. A. Steuart. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Princess Priscilla's Fortnight. By Author of "Elizabeth in her German Garden." (Smith, Elder.)
The House of Mirth. By E. Wharton. (Macmillan.)
The Cherry Ribband. By S. R. Crockett. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
French Nan. By A. and E. Castle. (Smith, Elder and Co.)
The Hill. By H. A. Vachell. (J. Murray.)
The Household of Peter. By R. N. Carey. (Macmillan and Co.)
The Scarlet Pimpernel. By Baroness Orczy. (Greening.)
Saints in Society. By M. Baillie Saunders. (Unwin.)

Miscellaneous.

Captains All. By W. W. Jacobs. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Lord Randolph Churchill. By Winston Churchill. 36s. net. (Macmillan.)

COUPON.

YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

FEBRUARY, 1906.

The Bird Watchers in the Shetlands. By E. Selous. 10s. 6d. net. (Dent.)
The Day-Book of Claudius Clear. By Claudius Clear. 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
The Passing of the Precentor. By D. Fraser. 2s. 6d. net. (Hay.)
Told to the Children Series. (14 titles.) 1s. net., cloth 1s. 6d. net. (Jack.)
The Days of His Flesh. By David Smith. 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Our Island Story: a Child's History of England. By H. E. Marshall. 7s. 6d. net. (Jack.)
"People's Friend" Song Book. 6d. net. (Office.)
The Poetical Works of Lord Byron. Complete, 6s. net. (J. Murray.)
The Garden of Nuts. By W. Robertson Nicoll. 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Monarch, the Big Bear. By Thompson Seton. 5s. net. (Constable.)
In the Name of the Bodleian, and other Essays. By A. Birrell. 5s. net. (Stock.)
The Ways of our Railways. By C. H. Grinling. 10s. 6d. net. (Ward and Lock.)
Rembrandt. By M. Menpes. 12s. 6d. net. (Black.)
A Little Princess. By F. H. Burnett. 6s. (Warne.)

Sixpenny Novel Reprints.

At Sunwich Port. By W. W. Jacobs. (Newnes.)
Roden's Corner. By H. S. Merriman. (Newnes.)
Grey Lady. By H. S. Merriman. (Newnes.)
Just a Girl. By C. Garvice. (Newnes.)
Eleanor. By Mrs. H. Ward. (Newnes.)

The Booksellers' Diary.

FEBRUARY 15—26.

PUBLICATION DATES OF SOME NOTABLE BOOKS.

February 15th.

TWEEDIE, MRS. ALEC.—Porfirio Diaz: Seven Times President of Mexico. Illustrated. 21s. net (Hurst and Blackett)

February 26th

BINNS, W. MOORE.—The First Century of English Porcelain. 84s. net ..... (Hurst and Blackett)

During the Month. Dates Uncertain.

"Alien."—An Unanswered Question, 6s. ..... (Digby, Long)
FORESTIER-WALKER, C.—The Cuckoo's Egg, 6s. (Digby, Long)
HARDY, IZA DUFFAS.—A Woman's Loyalty, 6s. (Digby, Long)
HAMMOND, CHARLES.—Thulker of the Moon, 6s. (Digby, Long)
MEADOWS, A. M.—The Extreme Penalty, 6s. ... (Digby, Long)
HUME, FERGUS.—The Red Star, 6s. ..... (Digby, Long)
CLEEVE, LUCAS.—The Secret Church, 6s. ..... (Digby, Long)
MEADE, L. T.—The Maid and Her Goggles, 6s. (Digby, Long)
WARDEN, GERTRUDE.—The Man and the Footlights, 6s. (Digby, Long)

THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

NEW REGULATIONS FOR THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

In future all criticisms of MSS. will be posted direct to the authors as soon as possible after receipt. Two coupons cut from current numbers of "The Bookman" (see below), together with a stamped addressed envelope, must be enclosed with each MS.

All communications must be addressed to the
Editor of the Young Authors' Page,
"Bookman" Office,
27, Paternoster Row, London.

Terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application. Every endeavour will be made to return MSS., but should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.

THE READER.

HEINRICH HEINE.

By Elizabeth Lee.

Deux voix, une seule bouche!
La douleur et la gaîté!
L'homme qu'un rien au cœur touche,
Puis qu'un rien a contenté.

Il plane, il rampe et se couche.
Tout est voir! Tout est clarté!
Deux voix, une seule bouche!
La douleur et la gaîté!

Maintenant l'œil enchanté,
Et tout à l'heure, l'œil louche;
Instable comme une mouche,

Il sanglote ayant chanté:
La douleur et la gaîté!
Deux voix, une seule bouche!

MANY and various are the biographies of Heine. The history of his life may be read in German, or in French, or in English. There are *chroniques scandaleuses* of his *vie intime* for those whose tastes lie that way. Each work presents a different picture, and no wonder, for the events of his life were not startling, and so his biographers try to grapple with his character, the most elusive, perhaps, that ever a man possessed. As happy a boyhood as could fall to the lot of a son of Jewish parents in Germany; rich relations who, failing to understand the youth's poetic temperament, and unable to make an astute man of business of him, treated him with contempt to the last day of his life; an unhappy love affair, and the expression of his misery in verse that the world will not willingly let die; settling in Paris after 1830 as the Mecca of all true lovers of liberty, and the turning to journalism for a living; his closest companion a beautiful but vulgar-minded and ignorant Parisian *grisette*, whom, after some years of life together, he chivalrously married; a long, painful illness, borne with amazing courage: such are the chief circumstances of his life, and they differ not so very much from those of the lives of many other men. But it is the particular attitude of the individual to those circumstances that differentiates one man from another. If we would know something of the real Heine, we must study, not the works of his biographers and critics, but his own works. There he himself tells us all that he felt and thought and did. In "Buch Le Grand" we may read of his boyhood and youth; in "Lyrisches Intermezzo" and "Heimkehr" of his disappointment in love; in the "Reisebilder" of his travels abroad; and so on through the rest of his work. Let us here briefly recount the main facts of Heine's life; and in so doing we may, perhaps, succeed in roughly sketching the man whom French critics declare to be, after Victor Hugo, the greatest poet of his age.

Heinrich Heine.
From a Drawing by J. H. W. Tischbein in 1826 or 1828.
(Reproduced by kind permission of Adolf Titze, Leipzic.)

I.

Heine was born of Jewish parents, people of small means, in a house still standing in the Bolkerstrasse, Düsseldorf, 13th December, 1799. The town of Düsseldorf has undergone some change since that date, but the market-place by the Rhine, with the colossal bronze statue of the Elector, John William, which aroused so much interest in the boy Heine, and the half Gothic, half Renaissance Rathhaus, built in 1567, the massive water-tower, the narrow streets leading to the river, of which the Bolkerstrasse is one, remain as they were in Heine's day. In 1806 Düsseldorf was ceded to Napoleon, who gave it to Murat. Heine grew up with strong sympathies for France, and an immense admiration for Napoleon, which found its culminating expression in "The Two Grenadiers." Very enthusiastic descriptions of Napoleon may also be found in "Buch Le Grand." Heine was sent to a Roman Catholic school, where he learned little except the immense contempt in which his race was held in Germany. Arithmetic was his great tribulation—

"I could not get on much with addition; subtraction went a little better; there is a guiding rule in that operation: you cannot take four from three, so you must borrow ten. But I advise everyone in that case to borrow a little more, as one never knows what may happen."

But he read with avidity, and the first books to make an im-

pression on him were "Don Quixote" and "Gulliver's Travels."

In 1815 his father placed him in a banking house at Frankfort, where he only remained two months. In 1816 or 1817 his rich uncle, Salomon Heine, of Hamburg, set him up in business there on his own account, but Heine could not overcome his aversion to commerce, and in 1819 the house of "Harry Heine and Co." ceased to exist. It was this uncle who used to say later, when his nephew had become famous: "The silly boy! if he had learned something, he would not have been obliged to write books." But those Hamburg years were very momentous years for the future poet. It was then that he fell passionately in love with his cousin Amalie (Molly). As is well known, she did

No. 53, Bolkerstrasse, Düsseldorf.
A tablet bearing the inscription "Geburtshaus von Heinrich Heine" was affixed to this house on January 31, 1867.
(Reproduced by kind permission of Adolf Titze, Leipzic.)

not return his love, and to that circumstance the world owes the "Buch der Lieder."

In 1819, thanks to his uncle's generosity, Heine went to the University of Bonn to read law. He made little progress in that study, but came under the influence of August Wilhelm Schlegel, and so began his acquaintance with literature. From Bonn he proceeded to Göttingen, a place he hated, and thence to Berlin, where he first began to find his feet. In 1821 Berlin was a *foyer de lumières* for all Germany. The great philosophers and writers had abandoned Weimar and Jena for the Prussian capital, which, following Paris, had its salons, presided over by clever and charming women. Heine's impressions of Berlin may be read in his "Letters from Berlin" (1821-22), first printed in a Westphalian newspaper, and now included in his collected works. He attended the lectures of Hegel, then the leading light of the University. But a more important influence was his introduction to Rahel Varnhagen von Ense. True, she was fifty years old, but she had preserved her youthful appearance and her freshness of mind. While she recognised Heine's talent, she also saw his weaknesses. He dedicated "Die Heimkehr" to her; indeed, he called her his "patroness," and printed nothing without consulting her. Naturally the references to her in his correspondence are frequent, and always charming. He explains to her husband why he dedicated "Die Heimkehr" to her thus:—

"I wanted to express by it that I belonged to somebody. I run about the world, and sometimes there come people who would like to make me their property; but those people never please me, and as long as this is so, my collar will bear the words: *I belong to Madame Varnhagen.*"

And when he is leaving Berlin, he writes:—

"I entreat you, do not put my image once for all into the chamber where you keep your forgotten, spare furniture. Indeed, I could not retort in similar fashion; even if I said to myself a hundred times a day, 'Forget Madame Varnhagen!' I should never succeed. Do not forget me; you cannot plead the excuse of a bad memory. Your mind has made a compact with time, and when, a few centuries hence, perhaps, I shall have the pleasure of seeing you again as the most beautiful and splendid flower in the most beautiful and splendid valley of heaven, greet me, I beg, as an old acquaintance, me, a poor, prickly holly, or even something worse . . . You will do it surely; for already in 1822 and 1823 you did something very like it in treating me, ill, sour, sulky, poetical, and intolerable, with a charm and kindness that I certainly did not deserve in that life, and which I could only have owed to some kindly reminiscence of a former acquaintance."

Heine went back to Göttingen for a short period, and took there his degree in law in 1825. He had published in 1821 a few poems; his tragedies "Almansor" and "William Ratcliff" appeared in 1823, as did also the "Lyrisches Intermezzo." The first two volumes of "Reisebilder," the first of his works to attract universal attention, were published in 1826 and 1827, and the "Buch der Lieder" in the latter year. In 1827, too, he visited England, where he was greatly bored. He was poor, and cast about him for a way of earning a livelihood. Attracted by the Revolution of 1830, he went in 1831 to Paris to try his luck at journalism. He thought to find his dreams of liberty realised in France, to work in the service of the "Holy Alliance of Nations." Paris was then the centre of the intellectual world. Chateaubriand was at the zenith of his political reputation; Charles Nodier, the author of the Werter-romance, "Le Peintre de Salzburg" (1803) had just written the introduction to Pischot's translation of Byron; Béranger was a prominent figure among the poets, and so was Lamartine, who in 1829 had published "Harmonies Poétiques et Religieuses," considered by some as the masterpiece of French lyrical poetry; other persons of note were Casimir Delavigne, Alfred de Vigny, Guizot, Michelet, Mignet, Thiers, Victor Hugo, Merimée, Dumas *père*, Sainte-Beuve, Alfred de Musset, Theophile Gautier, and George Sand. But Heine was no frequenter of salons; he was too much a man of moods, his wit was too caustic to make him a favourite in Parisian drawing-rooms. The house he chiefly favoured was that of the Princesse Belgioso, who, a voluntary exile from Italy, sought refuge at Paris. In her drawing-room he met many of the famous personages mentioned above, but he scarcely formed any firm friendships. He supported himself by journalism, of a kind more likely to make him

enemies than to win him friends. Those writings of his may all be read in his collected works, but his literary fame in no wise rests on them, and we need not here concern ourselves with them.

After living for five years with a very beautiful, but stupid, ignorant, and vulgar Parisian *grisette*, Mathilde Mirat by name, he made her his wife. It does not appear that she ever loved Heine; she regarded their union, both before and after marriage, as a business arrangement extremely advantageous to herself, and showed him neither kindness nor devotion. The fault was not wholly on her side, but she was shiftless and slovenly in her housekeeping, worse than useless as a sick nurse, and absolutely illiterate, unsympathetic, and soulless.

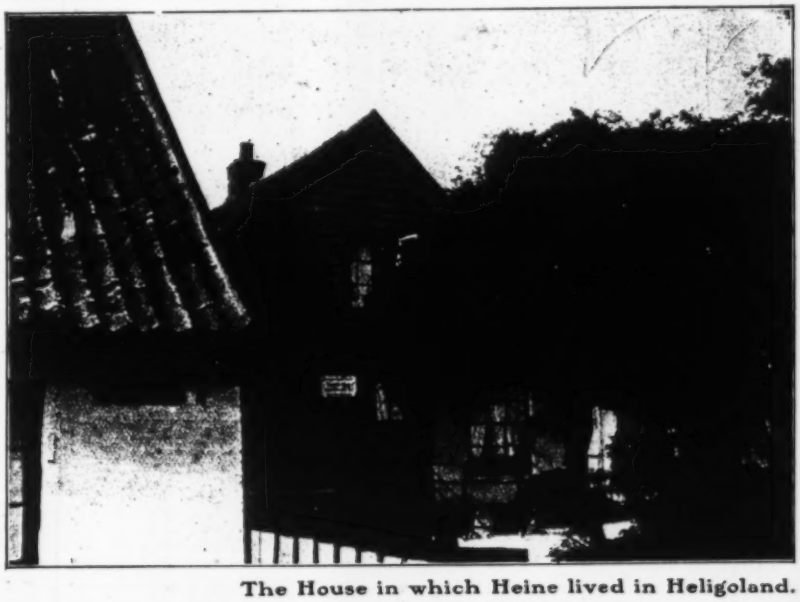
Der Alte Jungfernstieg, Hamburg.

As it was when Heine described it in "Memoirs of Herr von Schnabelowopski." The poet lived in Hamburg from 1816-19.

Many matters of interest might be recorded of Heine's life in Paris. It was probably about 1847 that the famous dinner at which Balzac, Sue, himself and his Boswellian friend, Alexandre Weill, were present, took place. The chief subject of discussion was liberty. Balzac finished a tirade with the words: "Absolute liberty never was nor never will be anything but absolute anarchy." Sue turned to Heine with, "But what is the opinion of our friend Heine?" "As a German I have several," answered Heine; "but to sum them up, here is my opinion. I warn you that I shall go back to the Flood. Shall I proceed to do so?" With ready politeness, Balzac answered, "Certainly, go back; it'll be easy for you—you've only to throw yourself on Pegasus." Heine made a long harangue, full of witty paradoxes, and then, partly in earnest, partly in jest, the poet concluded with the words, "There must either be a Republic governed by Monarchists, or a monarchy governed by Republicans. . . . We will proclaim the Republic. Balzac shall be President, Sue Chief Secretary. I will put your fame into German verses, for the French will never permit a novelist to have political genius; Meyerbeer shall set them to music, and little Weill, who has a tenor voice, shall sing them."

About 1848 he was attacked with spinal paralysis, and took to what he himself called his "mattress grave." His courage in suffering was the admiration of all. It was then that Gautier said of him that "il offrait le phénomène d'une âme, vivant sans corps." He took the greatest precautions that his mother should know nothing of his agonies, and wrote her cheerful and witty letters from his couch of pain. The last year of his life was cheered by the love and ministrations of Camille Selden. She understood and shared the poet's feelings, and had he only met her earlier, she might have made the whole course of his life very different. Brandes thus describes those last terrible years:—

"At no time did he write truer, more incisive, more brilliant verse than when he lay nailed to the low, broad bed of torture in Paris. And never, so far as we know, has a great productive mind borne superhuman sufferings with more undaunted courage and endurance. The power of the soul over the body has seldom displayed itself so unmistakably. To bear such agonies as his in close-lipped silence would have been admirable; but to create, to bubble over with sparkling, whimsical jest and mockery, to let his spirit



The House in which Heine lived in Heligoland.

(Reproduced by kind permission of Adolf Titze, Leipzic.)

Heine's Sister.
(Reproduced from "The Family Life of Heinrich Heine," by kind permission of Mr. Wm. Heinemann.)

Madame Heine.
(Reproduced from "The Family Life of Heinrich Heine," by kind permission of Mr. Wm. Heinemann.)

wander the world round in charming and profound reverie, while he himself lay crippled, almost lifeless, on his couch—this was great. He lay there shrunk to a skeleton, with his eyes closed, his hands almost powerless, his noble features painfully emaciated; the white, perfectly-formed hands were nearly transparent; at times, when he spoke, a Mephistophelian smile passed over the suffering, martyr-like face. At last, as in the case of Tithonus of old, all that really remained of the man was his voice; but it was a voice of many notes, of many whimsies, many jests."

In some ways, perhaps, Heine's sublimest lyrics are those inspired by his love for Camille Selden. They were published after his death under the title of "Letzte Gedichte." Almost his last words were, "Dieu me pardonnera—c'est son métier." Heine died 17th February, 1856, and was buried in the cemetery of Montmartre, where a simple tombstone with a marble tablet marks his last resting-place.

II.

"Dieu merci! ce qui a survécu à Henri Heine, ce sont ni ses griffes, ni ses haines, ni même le souvenir des erreurs ou des fautes qu'il a pu commettre, mais l'immortelle beauté de son langage, la grâce incomparable des images qu'il évoque."

Goethe escaped from the realities of life into an ideal world that was simpler and purer than the one we live in. "What I possess," he says in the dedication to "Faust," "I perceive as if afar off, and what has vanished becomes for me reality." Heine, on the other hand, tried to realise a new form of art in closer touch with modern life. His own life was a struggle with realities; instead of fleeing from them, he accepted them, and in his capacity of poet described them for us. Heine was a representative man of his time. His complex nature enabled him to describe with a sure yet delicate and often marvellous touch the "state of soul" not infrequent in his own day, and that has become very frequent since. He expressed in words what men only thought in a whisper, so to speak, and thus we read him to-day as if he was our contemporary. Heine attempted many forms of literature, and his collected works fill twenty-one volumes. But he lives, and will continue to live, by his poems and songs, and by his imaginative prose like the "Reisebilder."

His songs tell chiefly of illusion and disappointment. Nowhere, perhaps, in poetry, ancient or modern, are the pangs of hopeless love, of hopeless longing, more truly and beautifully expressed. The feeling is coloured by *Weltschmerz*, the pessimism born of a sense of the misery of the world, of a yearning for the impossible, so often a malady of finer souls. Surely no more beautiful or subtle expression of that mood is to be found in literature than this:—

"A pine-tree stands alone on
A bare, bleak, northern height;
The ice and snow they swathe it
As it sleeps there, all in white.

'Tis dreaming of a palm-tree,
In a far-off Eastern land,
That mourns, alone and silent,
On a ledge of burning sand."

The two images, a pine dreaming in the snow, a palm grieving dumbly in the burning heat, become in a master's hand the expression for all time of hopeless love, of hopeless longing. A French critic, Louis Ducros, the author of the best French biography of Heine, has well expressed what we believe to be Heine's unique quality, that of making us see things without describing them. "It is," says Ducros, "because he possesses the art of speaking to our eyes by the mere harmony of his phrases, and of producing images merely with beautiful sounds and enchanting rhythms. So that, thanks to the mutual help our senses give each other, in reading Heine we think we see what we only hear, and we see, in forms that are both clearly outlined and beautiful, what we hear in melodious phrases." This, we take it, is the secret of Heine's power of condensing thought, feeling, and imagery, of his gift of brevity.

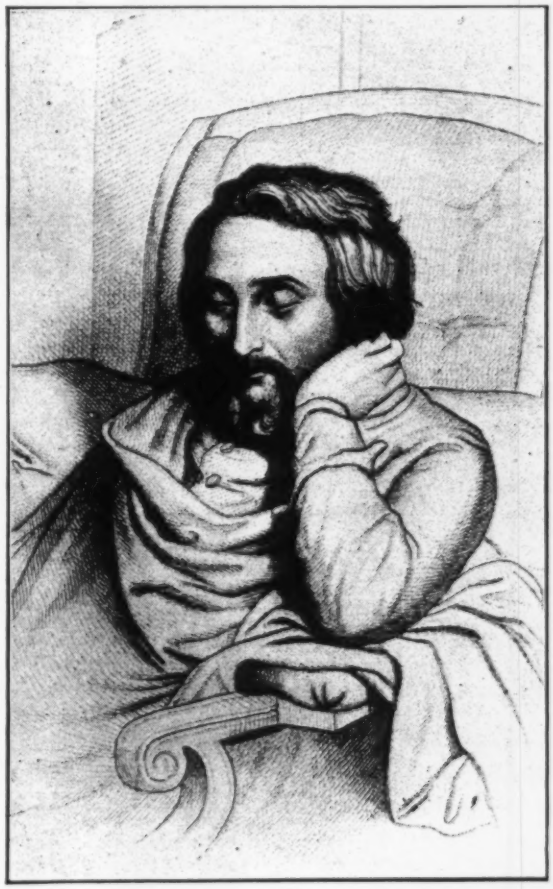
From a Drawing by Kugler.

Heinrich Heine.

The "Reisebilder" are much more than mere pictures of travel. They form a narrative of travel in so far as he observes and describes the countries to which he goes; they form a confession, as in them he talks of himself—reveals his dreams, his admirations, his antipathies and hates; they are also a satire, for he attacks everything that he dislikes or that forms a hindrance to him. The comic and the serious, criticism and phantasy, prose and poetry, are deftly interwoven; the form is as varied as the material, and the tone changes from page to page. The whole is a book of delight, unique in literature. It is worth while to learn German in order to read it, for Heine is the most untranslatable of authors, and it is almost impossible for those who know him only in translation to appreciate or understand him.

Everyone who writes on Heine, no matter how briefly, is expected to say something about his powers of satire and irony, about his caustic wit. Critics have compared him to Aristophanes, to Scarron, to Swift, to Voltaire. We have here neither the space nor the inclination to follow them. It is true that Heine is fond of bringing us down, with a rude shock and without warning, from the sublime to the ridiculous, from the heights of idealism to the flats of realism. But if his readers, and many do, quarrel with him therefore, it is because they fail to understand Heine's peculiar attitude to life and the world. That a man should mock for fear he should weep is a condition of mind and heart not easy of comprehension.

Heine dreamed his own dreams. Poets, nowadays, with few exceptions, dream the dreams of others; they go back to the old Greek myths for their inspiration, or forward to a kind of socialistic golden age. They detach themselves from things as they are. Heine lived in the present. He looked life in the face, rebelling against what hurt, enjoying to the full what pleased. This may not be the loftiest of ideals, but it is a very human attitude, and one that will make its appeal to mankind so long as this world shall endure.



Heinrich Heine

Rischgitz Collection.

THE CHOICE OF BOOKS.

"How beautiful to a genuine lover of reading are the sullied leaves, and worn-out appearance, nay, the very odour (beyond russia) if we would not forget kind feelings in fastidiousness, of an old 'Circulating Library' Tom Jones, or Vicar of Wakefield!"—CHARLES LAMB.

HENRY FIELDING.

THE most eloquent tribute ever paid to an English novelist is that of Edward Gibbon to Henry Fielding. The words are familiar, but the briefest sketch of the writer's life and work were incomplete lacking them. "The nobility of the Spensers has been illustrated and enriched by the trophies of Marlborough, but I exhort them to consider the 'Faëry Queene' the most precious jewel in their coronet. Our immortal Fielding was of the younger branch of the Earls of Denbigh, who drew their origin from the Counts of Hapsburgh, the lineal descendants of Eltrico, in the seventh century Duke of Alsace. Far different have been the fortunes of the English and German divisions of the family of Hapsburgh; the former, the knights and sheriffs of Leicestershire, have slowly risen to the dignity of a peerage; the latter, the emperors of Germany and kings of Spain, have threatened the liberties of the Old, and invaded the treasures of the New World. The successors of Charles V. may disdain their brethren in England; but the romance of 'Tom Jones'—that exquisite picture of humour and manners—will outlive the palace of the Escurial and the imperial Eagle of Austria."

The correctness of Gibbon's prophecy cannot yet be gauged. There is little doubt that with most readers of modern fiction, the perusal of Fielding is a custom honoured only in the breach. Things have changed much since Lamb's day, and the leaves of "Tom Jones" in the modern circulating library are more likely to be uncut than sullied. But the verdict of those best competent to judge has never varied. A century after its publication, Thackeray, in the preface to "Pendennis," declared that "since the author of 'Tom Jones' was buried, no writer of fiction among us has been permitted to depict to his utmost power a man." The stream of critical eulogy has flowed continuously and with undiminishing force. The disparity between the critical and the popular estimates of Fielding is no greater than that which is true of scores of our greatest writers. But it is undeniable that Fielding has suffered unduly from the misrepresentations of moralists. He had the freedom of his age—so had Chaucer and Shakespeare and Dryden and Pope. Even his greatest admirers have sometimes injured him unthinkingly. A finer introduction to Fielding you cannot have than Thackeray's Lecture. But there is surely too much attention bestowed there to the "claret-stains on the tarnished lace coat," and too little to the "inked ruffles" of this indefatigable man of letters, who, in addition to discharging the duties of a metropolitan magistracy with notable assiduity and success,

> "ruled as he thought fit
> The universal monarchy of wit."

When we think of Prince Hal, we think of Agincourt, as well as of the Boar's Head Tavern in merry Eastcheap. Fielding demands a like consideration. His wit is often wanton, but he is not witty merely because he is wanton. On the contrary, his humour and his humanity disinfect his grossness.

From a Painting by Julius Giere. **Heinrich Heine, 1838.**

(Reproduced by kind permission of Adolf Titze, Leipzic.)

> "Let who has known
> Nor Youth nor Error cast the stone!
> If to have sense of Joy and Pain
> Too keen,—to rise, to fall again,
> To live too much,—be sin, why then,
> This was no pattern among men.
> But those who turn that later page,
> The Journal of his middle-age,
> Watch him serene in either fate,—
> Philanthropist and Magistrate;
> Watch him as Husband, Father, Friend,
> Faithful, and patient to the end;
> Grieving, as e'en the brave may grieve,
> But for the loved ones he must leave:
> These will admit—if any can—
> That 'neath the green Estrella trees,
> No Artist merely, but a Man,
> Wrought on our noblest island-plan,
> Sleeps with the alien Portuguese."

These lines by Mr. Austin Dobson are a model of felicitous characterisation and appreciation. They are also a biography in brief. Born in 1707, the son of General Edmund Fielding, who belonged to the younger branch of the Denbigh family, the novelist in his short life of forty-eight years, drained to the full the cup of human experience. Endowed with a splendid physique, rare literary gifts, and a very brilliant wit, Henry Fielding quaffed the cup with an engaging zest. What is sometimes forgotten is that when he came—too soon—to the lees, he drank them, too, with a noble courage. From Eton he proceeded to Leyden, where he graduated in 1728, returning to London to write for the theatres, his father's will having proved only a sign of goodwill and nothing more. Of Fielding's plays little can be said. They amused (and probably did not corrupt) the play-goers of his time, and "Glorious John" had been much more of an "awful example." They were the work of a hot-blooded young man of genius, and they have added one imperishable asset to literature—the glorious song, "A-hunting we will go." It is to "Don Quixote in England" that we owe that fine set of lusty verses, beginning:

> "The dusky night rides down the sky,
> And ushers in the morn;
> The hounds all join in jovial cry,
> The huntsman winds his horn,
> And a-hunting we will go."

The publication of Richardson's "Pamela" was Fielding's real starting-point. In depicting virtue, the smug bookseller had recourse to some devious devices, and Fielding's eagle eye at once saw the possibility for satire. "Joseph Andrews" was the result—at first merely a skit, but very soon to be a great original novel, the model which English fiction has ever since accepted. "Joseph Andrews" is said to have been its author's favourite. "Tom Jones" has been generally acclaimed the best constructed English novel. In point of wit "Joseph Andrews" is even superior. And if characterisation be the test, it gives us Parson Adams, the best portrait its author ever drew.

Salomon Heine, the Poet's Uncle.
(Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. Wm. Heinemann.)

Amalie Heine, the Poet's Cousin.
(Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. Wm. Heinemann.)

Heinrich Heine, 1831.
From a Painting by Moritz Oppenheim.

Heinrich Heine as a Young Man.
Rischgitz Collection.

From a Bust by E. Herter. **Heinrich Heine.**

(Reproduced by kind permission of Adolf Titze, Leipzic.)

In 1747 Fielding, already a valetudinarian, was glad to accept the despised office of a Bow Street magistracy. The emoluments of a "trading justice" depended on the magistrate's idea of honesty. We have Fielding's own word for it that his revenue did not exceed three hundred pounds "of the dirtiest money upon earth." This office he discharged till his death with an ability and an integrity that were long remembered. There is ample evidence to show that Fielding the magistrate was in all respects the reverse of his own immortal creation, Mr. Justice Thrasher.

The Statue of Heinrich Heine, by von Hasselriis, at Corfu.

(Reproduced from "The Family Life of Heinrich Heine," by kind permission of Mr. Wm. Heinemann.)

Two years later appeared "Tom Jones," and in 1752, "Amelia," the last of the great trilogy. Though Johnson refused to see its merits, the instant popularity of "Tom Jones" was such as to give good reason for Richardson's chagrin. And every good judge of literature has in this matter sided not with Johnson, but with Gibbon. "To have your name," says Thackeray, "mentioned by Gibbon, is like having it written on the dome of St. Peter's. Pilgrims from all the world admire and behold it. As a picture of manners, the novel of 'Tom Jones' is indeed exquisite; as a work of construction quite a wonder; the by-play of wisdom; the power of observation; the multiplied felicitous turns and thoughts; the varied character of the great Comic Epic keep the reader in a perpetual admiration and curiosity." In another brilliant passage Thackeray likens Fielding's wit to the flash of a policeman's lantern, while Coleridge drew a notable comparison between Fielding's sunshine and breeze and the "close, hot, day-dreamy continuity of Richardson." In "Amelia," Fielding attempted the difficult task of writing a novel which begins and not ends with matrimony. The statement is frequently made that Fielding, like Thackeray, failed in the attempt to draw a good woman. Most women, we imagine, who read the history of Amelia Booth, instead of reading about it, would detect in its composition an artistry as sure and strong as that of Shakespeare, Richardson, or Meredith.

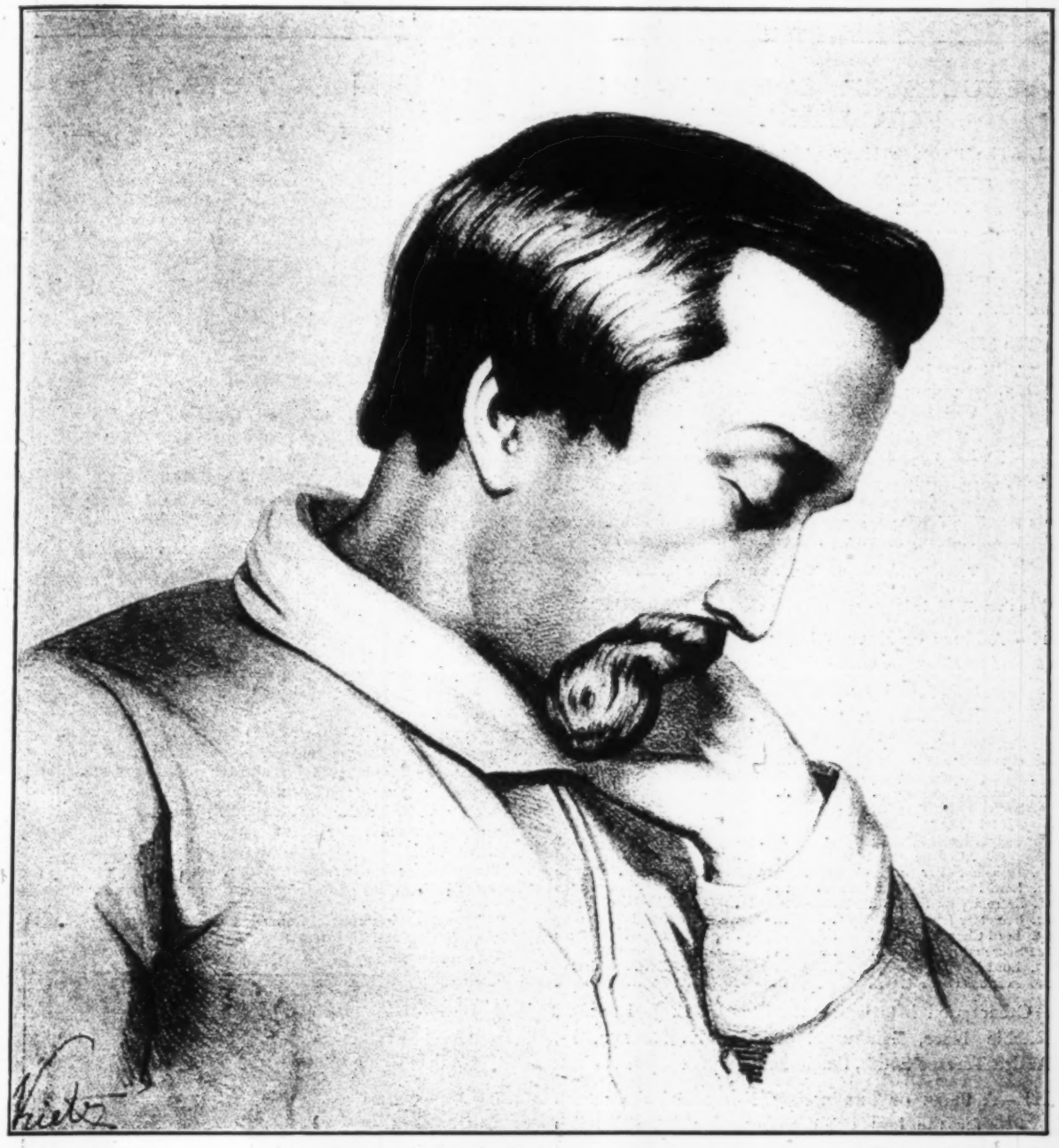
Three great novels by no means sum up the literary history of Henry Fielding. His dramatic work may be neglected, but not so his many brilliant essays, his masterpiece of irony, "Jonathan Wild," and his delightful "Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon." The last appeared posthumously. It is the record of the author's last vain attempt to regain his health, and it is marked on every page by the qualities that endear Fielding to us as a man and as a writer. It is an understatement to call it a neglected masterpiece. With the exception of Scott's Journal, there is nothing to compare with it in English literature. "What a courage he had! What a dauntless and constant cheerfulness of intellect, that burned bright and steady through all the storms of his life, and never deserted its last wreck! It is wonderful to think of the pains and misery which the man suffered; the pressure of want, illness, remorse which he endured; and that the writer was neither malignant nor melancholy, his view of truth never warped, and his generous human kindness never surrendered." Of the latter trait the "Journal" preserves a familiar and characteristic instance. Having occasion to reprove the bullying captain, Fielding threatened him with the law. "The most distant sound of law thus frightened a man who had often, I am convinced, heard numbers of cannon roar around him with no intrepidity. Nor did he sooner see the boy approaching the vessel than he did run down again into the cabin; and, his rage being perfectly subsided, he tumbled on his knees, and a little too abjectly implored for mercy. I did not suffer a brave man, and an old man, to remain a moment in this posture; but I immediately forgave him."

The voyage to Lisbon had no returning. He died there in October, 1754. He lies buried in the English Protestant churchyard, near the Estrella Church, and on his tomb is engraven our national regret: "Luget Britannia gremio non datum fovere natum."

RANGER.

The following are certain texts and critical appreciations which are recommended to the student:

Thackeray's "English Humourists." 1s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)
"A Voyage to Lisbon." 3d. (Cassell.)
"Fielding." By Austin Dobson. E.M.L. 2s. net. (Macmillan.)
"Fielding's Complete Works." 1 vol. 10s. 6d. (Bell.)
"Joseph Andrews." 3s. 6d. (Bell.)
"Tom Jones." 7s. (Bell.)
"Amelia." 5s. (Bell.)



From a drawing by Kietz Rischgitz Collection. **Heinrich Heine.**

THE "BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

FEBRUARY, 1906.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and the address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, 27, Paternoster Row, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF-A-GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from Shakespeare applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in the February number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS of the month is offered for the best list of twenty-four novels with a distinct topographical interest, each of which depicts a different locality in Great Britain and Ireland. Regard will be had to the representative nature of the lists and the literary merit of the books they contain.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF-A-GUINEA is offered for the best list of twelve novels which will best acquaint a foreigner with modern English life and manners. The prize will be awarded by vote.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Prize Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JANUARY.

I.—The PRIZE OF HALF-A-GUINEA for the best Shakespeare quotation has been gained by "Prunella," 11, Blenheim Road, N.W.

PRE-RAPHAELITISM AND THE PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD. By HOLMAN HUNT.

"Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers, and can call them all by their christen names, as Tom, Dick, and Francis."—*Henry IV.*, 1, 2, 4. 6.

The following are some other quotations given :—

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS, No. IV.

"They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk."—*Tempest*, II., i. 296.
(Miss HUNTER, 17, Nelson Street, Edinburgh.)

"They laugh that win."—*Othello*, IV., 2, 125.
(D. LUDHAM FULLER, 2, Marlborough Buildings, Bath.)

THE LIFE OF FROUDE. By HERBERT PAUL.

"Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits."—*Jul. Cæsar*, III., 3.
(G. MCLEOD TERVET, 41, Clarendon Street, Glasgow.)

THE FAR EAST. By ARCHIBALD LITTLE.

"Whereof a little
More than A. Little is by much too much."—*Hen. IV.*, 1, III., 2, 72.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF-A-GUINEA for the best imaginary Cabinet composed of characters from English drama and fiction has been gained by Miss M. A. M. MACALISTER, Torrisdale, Cambridge.

1. Premier	Sir Charles Grandison
2. Home Secretary	Sherlock Holmes
3. Foreign Secretary	Lemuel Gulliver
4. Colonial Secretary	Allan Quatermain
5. Secretary for War	Captain Bobadil
6. First Lord of the Admiralty	Captain Cuttle
7. Chancellor of the Exchequer	Mr. Micawber
8. President of the Board of Education	Dr. Pangloss
9. President of Local Government Board	Mr. Bumble
10. Lord President of the Council	Polonius
11. Secretary for Scotland	Bailie Nicol Jarvie
12. Secretary for Ireland	Mr. Dooley
13. Lord Chancellor	Bartoline Saddletree
14. Secretary for India	Joseph Sedley
15. Lord Privy Seal	Lord Dundreary
16. Postmaster-General	Puck

Other good lists were submitted by E. J. LUDLOW, Ritchie Place, Edinburgh, and Mr. H. BOCLER, 19, Azalea Terrace South, Sunderland.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS of the month for the best list of characters from English fiction portraying the undermentioned types has been gained by Miss MACKECHNIE, 15, Queen's Gardens, St. Andrews.

1. An English Squire	("Tom Jones")	Squire Western
2. A Family Doctor	("Emma")	Mr. Perry
3. A Canting Clergyman	("Martin Chuzzlewit")	Mr. Chadband
4. An Ideal Clergyman	("Barchester Towers")	Mr. Harding
5. A Successful Man of the World		Sir Brian Newcome
6. An Undergraduate		Tom Brown
7. A Nagging Woman	("The Newcomes")	Mrs. Mackenzie
8. A Struggling Author	("Pendennis")	Warrington
9. A Pedant	("Middlemarch")	Casaubon
10. An Adventurer		Barry Lyndon
11. An Adventuress	("Vanity Fair")	Becky Sharp
12. The Ideal Woman	("Sir Percival")	Constance

Of many other interesting lists the best were those of Mrs. ALFRED ROGERS, Knock, Co. Down; V. M. DURAND, 55, Primrose Mansions, Battersea Park, S.W.; Miss MCCOLL, Logielea, Bridge of Allan; and Miss B. O. ANDERSON, 11, Lonsdale Road, Scarborough.

IV.—A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN has been awarded to Mr. H. BOCLER, 19, Azalea Terrace South, Sunderland, for the suggestion appearing as the third competition for February.

New Books.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SAMUEL SMILES.*

The name of Samuel Smiles is a household word. He is the literary hero (with Byron and Macaulay) of that great body which reads for instruction, because one should, and for very little reason else. All his long life he was possessed by an intense zeal to persevere, to take pains, to win through; and to persuade others to do likewise. His books awoke enthusiasm in numberless mid-Victorian hearts that now, perhaps, beat less wildly but in much more substantial and satisfactory caskets. Yet his books, he is at pains to confess, were but a trivial fraction of his life's work and interest. His versatility was as unusual as its tendencies were sound. Doctor, editor, politician, railway-secretary, traveller, historian, he was each by turn and turn again. Not Robbie Burns himself, his countryman, was more warmly ready to be off with the old love and on with the new. Read, for instance, his summing-up against the professions of doctor and editor when the railway was his goal. And inasmuch as he invariably foresaw failure, he never failed. His was the tenacity of the Phœnix.

How then could the autobiography of such a man be other than a book one opens with curiosity and searches with zest? A man who did really trouble the dreams of our salad days, did really incite sinew and wits to a more audacious activity, must surely have discovered something in age for the ageing—wisdom a little more equable and serene than his former battle-cries. Surely here would sound a pleasant lullaby for the tired, multi-successful head! But it is not so. He does but expound once more and at large the virtues of his universal panacea. The book flows on in an incessant rivulet of words, with an ingenuous babble of sound now and again over some pebble of kindly vanity or antique praise. Once, perhaps, he drops a mild repudiation of his first principles—but only to prove the balance true. We view the man no more profoundly, nor our successful selves the less triumphantly, throughout these 418 pages.

On the other hand, few are the immortal shades evoked from the memories of so long and ubiquitous a life. "I saw

* "The Autobiography of Samuel Smiles." Edited by Thomas Mackay. 15s. net. (Murray.)

From the Painting by Sir George Reid. **Samuel Smiles.**

(Reproduced from "The Autobiography of Samuel Smiles," by kind permission of Mr. John Murray.)

Walter Scott rise, and limp round the table to his fellow-clerk." Cobden out of the turmoil of his mission seeks reassurance for a precise aunt on a delicate question of ritual. We just miss a glimpse of Dickens in a railway-accident. Shades they are indeed. Even Jeanie Welsh was only "too angular for beauty, . . . perhaps was not of a very contented frame of mind." Perhaps! All else is business, business; Scottish grit; a rare glimpse of green things growing; and the humoursome, shrewd, cheerful mood of a very pleasant old gentleman in the background.

Can the question be avoided—Is this the stuff which autobiography is made of? Is it the external and material things of life which we look for when a man generously and confidently offers to tell us of himself? The sea is deep, and all the winds of the world but trouble its surface. That Dr. Smiles was a faithful disciple of his convictions none will deny, certainly not those who heard and answered in youth his rousing challenge. But must we honestly confess how patiently we sought through these naïf, affable, and rather garrulous pages for just one hint of—heresy?

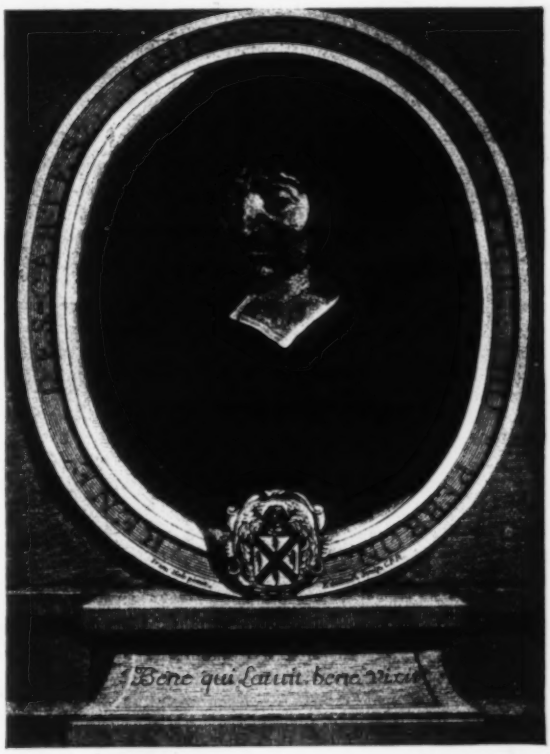
DESCARTES.*

The life of Descartes is, for the most part, written in his correspondence; and it is only recently that his correspondence has been given to the world accurately and completely—so far as accuracy and completeness are now obtainable. After the author's death in Sweden, in 1650, a box of his manuscripts, containing copies of many of his letters, was despatched to his friend Clerselier in Paris. "After many days" it reached Rouen in safety; but the boat containing it was wrecked in its passage up the Seine; and the precious manuscripts remained submerged for three days. "By Divine permission," the papers were recovered, hung up to dry, and re-arranged by unintelligent servants. Clerselier edited the letters (or a selection of them) in three volumes in 1656-67. His documents, with much other matter of interest, were utilised in Baillet's Life of Descartes, published in 1691. In the eleven-volume edition of Descartes' works, published by Victor Cousin in 1824-26, the correspondence fills five volumes. Even this edition, however, is incomplete, and does not always give the correct chronological order of the letters. Only within the last year or so, in the magnificent edition of Descartes' works which MM. Adam and Tannery are editing, has his correspondence been issued in a finally satisfactory form. The present is thus a favourable occasion for a new life of Descartes; and Miss Haldane has spared no pains to present a life-like portrait of the philosopher, in connection with the historical events of his time, and its ferment of new ideas in science and philosophy.

After all that has been done to elucidate it there remains something elusive about the personality of Descartes. It is different with his contemporary, Hobbes, or even with Spinoza, his successor. In them temperament gives the clue to thought, or at least helps us to understand what made their reflection take the turn it did. But how Descartes' view of the world was related to his emotional nature—or of what sort that nature was—it is not so easy to say. He saw much of life, and yet held himself aloof from the interests which moved the passions of other men. He took part in more than one campaign; but even the wars of religion do not seem to have stirred his blood. While others fought for freedom or for the faith, for a dynasty or for plunder, his attitude was that of a spectator, perhaps indifferent to the rights and to the issue of the quarrel, but sincerely anxious to learn the lessons which experience of it had to teach. The same detachment from ordinary life was shown in other ways. By the advice of his relatives he once entertained a matrimonial project. The lady had "birth and merit," and also some pretensions to good looks; but he told her that "no beauty was comparable to that of Truth." And after this the brief courtship came to an end. As Miss Haldane remarks, "there is little romance in Descartes' life, and it is difficult to think that he and D'Artagnan belonged to a similar age."

From his youth he lived a life apart. He belonged to a family of the smaller nobility—landowners and occupants

* "Descartes: His Life and Times." By Elizabeth S. Haldane. Pp. xxviii., 398. 15s. net. (John Murray.)



Descartes.

(Reproduced from "Descartes: His Life and Times," by kind permission of Mr. John Murray.)

of military or legal offices. To take knowledge for one's province was unheard of in the family, and his subsequent fame never quite reconciled his elder brother to the innovation. When between eight and nine years of age he was sent to the Jesuit College of La Flèche, and there, as his years ripened, he was introduced to the mathematics and philosophy of the day. For the Jesuit fathers of La Flèche he always retained a high regard; and his fellow pupil, Mersenne—although seven and a half years his senior—became his life-long friend and correspondent. He left La Flèche in 1612, spent a year with his family, had a taste of the life of Paris, studied law in Poictiers, and took his bachelor's degree there in 1616, served as a volunteer under the Prince of Orange in Holland, and afterwards under the Duke of Bavaria, and then in 1621 returned to Holland that he might, without distraction, devote himself to his one interest—the pursuit of truth by the new method which he had formulated. By the time he was sixteen he had given up book learning, convinced that truth was not to be reached that way. He seems to have taken little interest in the researches of his contemporaries, though these included Kepler and Galileo. Nor did he find truth by the experience of the world which he sought and gained. And it is characteristic that it was while serving with the army at Neuberg on the Danube that his reflections led him to the famous resolve to make a clean sweep of all his opinions, and to build them up anew by a sure method.

The remainder of his life was spent in carrying out this resolve; and his single-minded devotion to it has made his system of thought dominate modern philosophy. Descartes' interest in life was almost purely an intellectual interest; but he was without either the fervour or the strain of mysticism which gives warmth as well as light to some of the devotees of truth. On the other hand, he shared some of the foibles of his kind. He seems to have shown some jealousy of his fellow travellers on the path towards knowledge; and he took a courtier's pleasure in the favour of the two princesses who interested themselves in his doctrines—the Princess Elizabeth of the Palatine and Queen Christine of Sweden. Unfortunately he accepted the latter's invitation to her Court towards the end of 1649, and she, with princely thoughtlessness, appointed five in the morning for the hour of her lesson in philosophy. Descartes had all his life cul-

tivated the comfortable habit of lying in bed till late in the forenoon; even at La Flèche this concession had been made to his delicate health. And his death in February, 1650, is, with some reason, attributed to the royal command, which enforced early rising in the rigours of a Swedish winter.

W. R. SORLEY.

MODERN ENGLAND.*

The sympathy of that portion of mankind which appreciates the difficulty of bookmaking should always be bestowed on the historian. His enterprise is encompassed by various dangers. If he devotes himself to far-away times, he finds it hard to get a channel of fact for his Mississippi of—theories and deductions. If the modern era be his care, he is apt to lose sight of his purpose in the swirl and rush of details.

Thus much may be said for Mr. Herbert Paul: that he never loses his head amid the embarrassment of riches poured around him by blue-books, newspaper files, and personal memories. Calm and collected, he keeps a tight hand on the treasure, arranges it systematically, never allows it to obstruct his progress, and frequently refreshes himself —and his readers—by snacks of epigram. As is rum to the weary mariner, so is epigram to Mr. Paul. It gives him heart to set his sails, and catch the breezes from every social and political quarter.

The breezes catch him at the beginning of this fourth volume at the end of the year 1875, and land him, near the four hundredth page, in the precarious harbour of 1885. During the voyage he traverses many stormy waters. There is, for instance, the Russo-Turkish War, with all that it implied in anxiety and diplomacy to the lookers-on; our own troubles in Afghanistan and South Africa—the triumph of Roberts's march to Candahar, and the disaster to Colley on Majuba Hill; some of the most acute stages of the Irish problem; the revolt of Arabi Pasha, and the desertion of Gordon; not to speak of notable happenings in Parliament and portentous Ritualistic squabbling. The history here written is a vast Mississippi of facts.

Concerning as it does our own times—that is, times well within the memory of most people of mature growth—this fourth volume encourages more than the preceding three the question: Should history, even modern history, be written on these lines?

For Mr. Paul, with all his mastery of facts, leaves the reader pretty much where Bradshaw leaves the unhappy man who struggles to cope with it in ignorant temerity. How he admires the facts and the brain which has marshalled them! But whither, he asks, do they tend? And he longs for a pilot over the tumultuous stream which threatens to submerge him.

That is the great defect of Mr. Paul's method of writing history. While it renders his book a perfect encyclopædia, it prevents him from being a pilot. Yet one would think he possesses a pilot's capacity. Party journalist and politician as he ever has been, he can muster sufficient impartiality to descry and point out the flaws even in Mr. Gladstone's policy and administration, and though his judgment of Beaconsfield does not err in the direction of generosity, compensation may be discovered in the rarely sane view he takes of the character and work of Gordon. In spite of what seem to be lapses from the throne of the historian to the tub of the party politician, Mr. Paul may be credited, generally speaking, with an accession of fairness.

The person to whom he does most injustice is himself. We would gladly see him sacrificing a multitude of minor facts for the sake of a broader painting of events. Nay, we could spare a few score of epigrams for a wider purview of the period. It is doubtless true that the historian of ancient times, moving lightly under his slender baggage of facts, has an advantage in point of vision over Mr. Paul, marching boldly forward under a perfect Himalaya of ascertained detail. Something might have been done, however, to lighten the load, and thereby enable the bearer to look more closely where he was going. Then his book might have been a history indeed, and not a very admirable, clever, conscientious, and instructive work of reference.

THOMAS LLOYD.

* "A History of Modern England." By Herbert Paul. In five volumes. Vol. IV. 8s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

ST. GREGORY, BISHOP OF ROME.*

Lincoln College, Oxford, as everyone knows who has looked into Pattison's "Memoirs," was intended to be a seminary of theological studies. It is pleasant, therefore, when we receive from one of its Fellows a work so learned, and so long desirable, as these volumes which complete a chapter of the first importance in Church history. Divines must be grateful to the man who fixes in modern speech the contents of folios otherwise troublesome to read and remember. Students of the obscure sixth century will find much in Mr. Dudden's lucid paragraphs that no secular historian gives them. And the general reader might do worse than settle down to those episodes, full of character and curiously stimulating, in which Greeks, Franks, Lombards, and Saxons play their several parts. If by a classic we mean a standard work, equal to its subject, fit for lasting reference, these well-wrought volumes deserve the name.

Mr. Dudden persuades his reader by an excellent style, not wanting in point or eloquence at the right time, by his wealth of materials, sober judgment, and freedom from prejudice. He has made St. Gregory the Great a clear figure to himself, the outward visible man first of all, then the ruler, administrator, teacher, apostle, and pope. He draws precisely the sketches that we ask for, of Rome in its transition from the capital of the world to a mediæval fortress-town, of the stately, religious, corrupt Byzantium, and of Ravenna secluded among its salt-marshes and sombre pine-woods. All this he lets us view with St. Gregory's wearied eyes, in an age of confusion, plagues, earthquakes, under the darkening heavens, amid alarms beyond number. The greatest of Popes, Roman to the core, Catholic in creed, no philosopher but a moralist and a statesman, held that the Parousia of Christ was at hand. He laboured for a dying world, and could not have imagined that a thousand years afterwards he would himself appear as standing on the threshold of the Middle Ages, their founder in some sort and their representative. But such was the true significance of Pope Gregory. Fresh ideas he had none to bestow; the Roman is never speculative. His power, with all its implications, was inherited from the Papacy already existing, from Silvester, Damasus, Leo the Great, Gelasius, Hormisdas. He became the defender of Rome and Italy because the Emperor of the East would not hold out a hand to protect the West against the "unspeakable" Lombards. He fed the Roman people from the Church's vast possessions in Campania, Sicily, and Sardinia, because he could not look on while they starved at the Lateran gates. In a universal break up, the bishop everywhere superseded the consul and the tax-gatherer, stood for what was left of civilized order, and called in monasticism to his aid. The story is complicated, full of violence, grim with murders, revolts, invasions, catastrophes on every side. Religion has been degraded, superstition is rampant; Eastern orthodoxy, not less repulsive than Eastern heresy, moves forward without suspecting it to the battle of Islam which, a generation after Gregory, burst upon that world of slaves and courtiers. To tell the story as it happened is a task which Gibbon himself has only in part fulfilled. It is done here in no superfluous detail, with lights from the correspondence, the dialogues, the sermons of the Pope; and we realise it better than before. Perhaps the Greek sojourn of Gregory and, in general, his relations with Constantinople, will seem the most useful addition to common knowledge. But every important person with whom he had dealings is brought in, and so are those like St. Columban of Luxeuil and other Irish saints, who belong to his period.

But a distinct and valuable feature of the book, not to be found elsewhere, is the space given to St. Gregory's teaching. Very few have read his writings, even among students by profession. The "Dialogues" are known, or at least various legends from them; and that is pretty much all. Mr. Dudden spends his "third book," some hundred and sixty pages, in a summary of doctrine which leaves little to be desired. The upshot is briefly this. St. Gregory mediates, as the Germans would say, both in point of time and in cast of ideas, between St. Augustine and the mediæval theology. He is thus, by instinct and choice, forerunner of

* "Gregory the Great: his Place in History and Thought." By F. Homes Dudden, B.D., Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford. In two volumes. 30s. net. (Longmans, Green and Co.)

the Roman Popes who held a certain *juste milieu*, long afterwards adopted officially at the Council of Trent. The whole is moderate and practical. Faith, love, good works attain to righteousness—not one without the other, but all co-operating to a divine effect. Grace and free will are reconciled, not by an original theory, but in life and conduct. To the same pragmatic order we may refer the Pope's teaching on the Eucharist, the cultus of the martyrs and saints, the obligation to complete repentance by penances, and the fire of purgatory. During nearly four centuries no teacher like him arose until Anselm, who started the long dynasty of Scholastic masters on their way. Neither did a ruler in any sense his equal occupy St. Peter's chair until his namesake, Gregory VII., in 1073. But Anselm and Hildebrand took up Catholic development at the juncture where he left it. The Roman Church was realised to its adequate figure by these remarkable men, not transformed into a new creation. It has never in substance altered since their day, and thus we are led back to St. Gregory the Great as its pattern in teaching, government, and diplomacy. To the polemists of the Reformation he appeared as Antichrist, which is only another way of stating the result at which our learned and devout author has arrived.

WILLIAM BARRY.

EDITORS OF BLAKE.*

These two books should do much to win for Blake a wider public than has hitherto enjoyed him, as well as earn the gratitude of those who for a long time have wished to read what Blake wrote, as he wrote it, and not as certain of his commentators believed that it ought to have been written.

Two things have been hostile to the spread of Blake's popularity: Blake himself, and the ideas of Blake propounded by his editors. Blake began to build a barrier between himself and his readers when he first saw that each man's religion, each man's mythology must be either his own or dead. He did not choose to make his own from a mythology already existing. "I must create a system," he says, "or be enslaved by another man's." Because the conflict between reason and imagination, which Blake wanted to emphasise, had not, up to his time, been particularly noticed by mythology, such a new creation was necessary, if the battle was to be expressed in mythological terms at all. But it was quite enough to drive readers from itself. For though, as both Mr. Sampson and Professor Raleigh point out, the use of terms throughout is as consistent and rigid as the use of terms in Euclid, Blake's interpretations of them are hidden in the body of his work, and we are without the preliminary pages of axioms and definitions that make geometry intelligible. We may, for example, read a dozen times of his "Spectre," and miss the meaning every time, until we discover that:

> "The Spectre is the Reasoning Power in Man; and when separated
> From Imagination, and closing itself as in steel, in a Ratio
> Of the Things of Memory, It thence frames Laws and Moralities
> To destroy Imagination, the Divine Body, by Martyrdoms and Wars."

Until all these definitions have been hunted and caught and classified, Blake's Prophetic books are like pools of iridescent mud, with jewels beneath the surface. The secrecy, the very consistency, of these works frightens many even from the "Songs of Innocence." I have heard a man, who had not read him, say, "Blake is too elaborate to be lyrical."

That sentence is not more grotesque than some of the caricatures of Blake executed by his editors. "The Moon partially eclipsed," says Mr. W. M. Rossetti, "might be taken as no inapt image of Blake's mind; a glorious luminary, and not bedimmed or overclouded in its lucid part, but distinctly reft of light in a certain other portion." To say that, is to say that Blake was mad, a statement that is sufficiently contradicted by the logical coherency of the Prophetic books, and Blake's perfectly rational attitude towards his own visions. None the less, the vague exaggeration of the simile is typical of the odd perversion of Blake's personality that clings to the popular imagination.

Others of Blake's editors have belonged to that half-puzzled revival of mysticism that is now amongst us. People who do not see that mysticism, true mysticism, is the least vague of all attitudes, class mysticism and madness cheerfully together, and distrust both alike. They are distrustful even of Blake's Lyrics. But Blake was never vague, being indeed a mystic, and if he had been, his lyrics, personal things, must surely be judged not by his mysticism but by his manhood; and Blake was very human.

I should like to quote two fragments, and consider them together:

> "For I dance
> And drink and sing
> Till some blind hand
> Shall brush my wing."

and

> "A petty, sneaking knave I knew—
> O, Mr. Cromek, how do ye do?"

The clarity, simplicity, and pathos of the first, side by side with the angry vigour of the second, are enough to show us that here was a loveable man, full of contradictions perhaps, but a man somehow curiously near ourselves.

It is because Professor Raleigh looks at a man, and not at an inhuman exaggeration, that his Introduction is valuable. He does not examine Blake through a telescope, but comes quietly to his subject without more fluttering of the heart than would prelude an examination of Wordsworth. He treats Blake quite simply, as "an English poet and thinker," noticing his consistency, his courage, his absolute reliance on his own imagination, his scorn of doubt, and the few writers whose influence is to be traced in his technique.

These two editions, the one for the student, noticing all the variants of every poem, and in some cases tracing Blake's own process of construction, and the other without notes, but with Professor Raleigh's extremely interesting essay, for the reader of poetry who cares more about poems than for the methods of making them; both these books are free from that objectionable mixture of awe and protection, praise and patronage, which other editors have too often brought to their business, and at which Blake's spirit, if it knows anything about it, must be so terribly incensed.

ARTHUR RANSOME.

* "Blake's Poetical Works." Edited by John Sampson. Lyrical Poems of Blake, from the same text, with an Introduction by Walter Raleigh. 2s. 6d. net. (Oxford Press.)

AN AMERICAN ENGLISHMAN.*

Mr. Richards' autobiography has a boomerang interest. He is the English-descended American come to England. An ancestor on his father's side left Lichfield for America two hundred years ago. One surmises that he packed in his trunk a few volumes purchased from the father of Dr. Johnson, then the only Lichfield bookseller. His descendant, the author of this pleasantly talkative book, has closer connections with literature. For eight years he was proprietor of the *Academy*, and for a longer period he has been the father of the brilliant writer whom the gods and Lord Wickenham still call John Oliver Hobbes, though to mortals she is increasingly known as Mrs. Craigie.

If one had not met Mr. Richards in the world, one would know from these pages that he has kept the dew of his youth. That dew fell on the fields of a New York State farm-holding some fifty years ago. His grandfather held the opinion that out-of-door work should be regarded as a part of education. This is pure wisdom. Depend upon it, the important thing in life is to have led horses to water. This Mr. Richards did, and more. In those days he threshed grain, and shelled corn, and tapped maples for sugar. Also he read the "Rollo" books, written by the Rev. Jacob Abbott. The "Rollo philosophy" was then regarded as excellent for American small boys. But when in later life he brought home from America a set of "Rollo at Work," "Rollo at Play," etc., he could not induce his sons in England to read them. They condemned these books as tame stuff. That was in 1882, when books of adventure had become common. Yet I can answer for it that in the seventies, when the nursery had still to think imperially, the Rollo books were popular in one English home. In "Rollo at Play" was described a "steeple-trap," which for me has remained a tantalising mechanical mystery. For that "Rollo" book has never come in my way since.

At sixteen our author was able to pay his way. Mr.

* "With John Bull and Brother Jonathan: Reminiscences of Sixty Years of an American's Life in England and in the United States." By John Morgan Richards. 16s. net. (T. Werner Laurie.)

Richards has much to tell us about his early exertions when travelling through the States for a large medicine firm. In 1867 he came to London to manage an important agency. From the first he understood and appreciated England. Yet he has not cared to become a naturalised Englishman. And thus it comes that though Mr. Richards enthusiastically rode on the first omnibus that crossed Holborn Viaduct, though he introduced American cigarettes to England, though he was a pioneer of modern advertising, though he has "crowned" British poets and novelists, though he helped to introduce the tomato to English cooks, though he is a deacon of the City Temple, and though he is the owner of a Tudor castle—he has no Parliamentary vote.

The interest of this book lies, however, in the fact that Mr. Richards knows both sides of the Atlantic thoroughly, and has witnessed the growth of that immense intercourse which is indicated in the marriage columns of the newspapers, in our social vocabulary, in the establishment of the American Society in London, and in the fact that last summer no fewer than 200,000 Americans came to Europe. His pages have a documentary value in relation to this movement. But Mr. Richards sees how far it can go. Himself a most successful business man, he does not think that there are great possibilities for young Americans in England. Observation has convinced him that the young men of each nation cannot exchange places with advantage. "The whole conduct and habit of business in England are entirely different from what is current in America. The currency differs, the methods of the people differ; and the conduct of men is entirely dissimilar to what is observable in the United States." American youths, though well intentioned, are disliked for their lack of reverence to their elders. On the other hand, the young Briton's quietness of manner suggests to the American employer a want of "go." Coming from such a quarter, these views are noteworthy.

In society the case is different. To the question whether Americans are popular in England, Mr. Richards' reply is very different from that which he would have given thirty and more years ago. The social success of Americans in London is now a proverb, and Mr. Richards seems to endorse the remark of an American lady lecturer that "if the English and American temperament could be rolled into one, the result would be unequalled." On particular differences of national character he has much to say. Thus he points out the fallacy in the phrase "a rich American." Rich Americans are neither so rich nor so numerous as rich Englishmen. The Englishman, on the whole, is the more prudent man. He computes his wealth as income, and tries to live within it each year; the American computes his wealth as capital, and will spend it boldly to attain his end. "An Englishman, as a rule, with those with whom he is intimate, will plainly make known his circumstances in a perfectly natural and honest way. 'Oh,' he will say, 'I have only got £500 a year.' But wild horses would not drag out of an American any admission of that character. He would never be identified with a fixed income until he was connected with a post the emolument of which was known." Thus the horizon of an American's wealth is rarely seen, and the sea he sails on appears boundless.

I have done little justice to the detail of this well-packed book. It is full of the comparisons and observations which come with force from a successful business man, who has known how to enjoy life, has travelled widely (Mr. Richards has crossed the Atlantic forty times), and has been constantly in the society of interesting people. Mr. Richards closes his record on a note of cheerfulness, all the more striking because it is the unforced flower of experience.

WILFRED WHITTEN.

THE NIGHT-SIDE OF LONDON.*

Whenever anything fresh is written or said about the appalling poverty and misery that underlie the wealth and joyous splendour of life in London, the public read or hear with pity and horror, talk of it for a few days, then turn to pleasanter things, and seem to think the old evils are done with because they have done with them. Philanthropic bodies are all the while trying to heal the afflicted with momentary alleviations; Charity Organisation Societies set their private detectives, at sinfully enormous expense, to find out whether any wretched applicant for help has not some disqualifying flaw in his character, instead of whether, seeing what life he has to live, he has been superhuman enough to retain any virtue at all; occasionally a Royal Commission compiles a Report, and perhaps another perfunctory step is taken towards improving the housing of the poor; something radical is always just going to be done to put the wrong right, but no statesman ever rises with the will, the courage, the ability, actually to do it. That the poor are themselves to blame for some of their sufferings Mr. Cope Cornford makes abundantly clear in this admirably sane and outspoken book of his, but he makes it as clear, too, that at the root of their misery are certain economic conditions for which they cannot be held responsible; that, in a word, they are the victims of a social system that subserviates the needs of the many to the profit of the more fortunate few. It is so comfortably easy to say that no man need starve, for there is work for every one who is willing to do it; that's why so many of us say so. It is so easy to dismiss the unemployed problem with a scornful reference to the indolence and drunken habits of the working man, but that doesn't dispose of it. As Mr. Cornford indicates, with a breadth of humanity that is the key-note of his book, drunkenness and indolence are more often an effect than a cause; if we were half-fed we should not be so industrious, and had we been reared in the same deplorable environment as were those we condemn, we should be thankful, as they are, to find in drink a way of escape from our wretchedness.

Of course, you will not open "The Canker at the Heart" expecting to be entertained with light fictions about the humours and cheap happiness of the humbler classes. Such humours and happiness have their place in that life, but they are not entirely represenative, they are the smallest part of it; and, concerning himself with the larger, sadder, more terrible realities, Mr. Cornford has faithfully pictured the underworld of London here in a brilliant series of sketches and articles that are as fearlessly true, as intimate and impartial as they are unaffectedly humane and heart-breaking. He describes what he has seen, repeats, with a bald simplicity that is more effective than any colouring, life-stories that he has himself heard, and tested and found true; and through all he gives you glimpses of that wonderful patience and endurance of the poor that we can only marvel at as unnatural when we remember how they hunger and starve and die within sight of those luckier thousands who are burdened with superfluous money, and never in want of food. In Mr. Cornford's graphic pages you may see the 344 famished outcasts admitted nightly into Medland Hall for "warmth and shelter, and half a pound of bread and margarine"; and see, too, the long queue of the destitute who receive their dole of bread, and are sent away to wander all night, after the place is full. With a brevity that yet omits nothing, and in vividly sombre colours, he paints you the scene within the hall, and impresses you painfully with its "dreadful, subdued quietude," and with his own clear vision of the "faces, faces, faces, everywhere faces smitten hopeless, a nightmare of faces"; and you are made to know to what extent these men are responsible for their condition, and to what greater extent they are victims of circumstance, and have fallen inevitably and in spite of themselves. If you want statistics, read "The Case of a Single Borough," and learn how in Bermondsey, when a labour bureau was opened, over 4,000 workless entered themselves on the register, and after rigid enquiry, over 3,000 were found to be genuine workers, idle only because there was literally no work for them. They were set to road-making and laying sewers, and many were so unfit for navvy work that their hands were soon bleeding; but every man of them stuck to his task, working doggedly, some of them crying with the pain, their hands were so blistered and broken.

Workhouse, casual ward, night-refuge, the religious missions, Mr. Cornford shows you the workings of them all, and pays special tribute to the good that is done by ministers of all denominations; he tells of the courage and self-sacrifice of haggard women, who slave to keep a home together whilst the husband is out of work; of the dumb helplessness of the martyred children, who die of their privations, or grow up without ever having had a chance from the beginning. The book resolves itself, indeed, into a powerful and moving indictment of what we blindly call our civilisa-

* "The Canker at the Heart." By L. Cope Cornford. 3s. 6d. net. (E. Grant Richards.)

tion; it is written temperately, with a fine sense of the pictorial value of words, but with great earnestness, and I think you cannot come to the end of it without feeling that the submerged many have excuses for being as bad, and even worse than they are; that, in the main, they struggle helplessly and desperate in the strangling coils of a social system they have no power to alter, and that we who are more happily placed, in luxury, or comfort, or comparative comfort, and are saying and doing nothing to right what's wrong, can no more disclaim responsibility for the foul lives they live and the horrible deaths they die than Cain could evade the consequences of his guilt with a complacently hypocritical "Am I my brother's keeper?"

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

CONTEMPORARY FRANCE.*

There are two ways of conceiving the patriotic attitude in letters. The history of the world affords many examples of both. In the first a man perpetually praises every attribute of his country, affects to ignore and often does actually ignore the character of other communities, and is occupied, consciously or unconsciously, in the promotion of a legend. It is imagined, and it is often true, that by this method a nation is strengthened so far as mere writing can strengthen it. The weakness attaching to this sort of history is that it leaves those who have been trained under it bewildered and broken after disaster.

The second method is perpetually to criticise and to examine, to sift, to doubt and to judge. This method certainly more closely appeals to the purely literary mind. It gives a greater opportunity to those affections of the soul which are the motive force of a strong style. Indignation, the general conceptions of political science, and the appetite for objective knowledge are all satisfied by it. Its weakness is that, as a man knows his own country always infinitely better than a foreign one, he will always tend to exaggerate the critical spirit, and to find perpetual fault with things which he imagines to be peculiar to his own race, but which, did he but know it, are common to mankind. Nevertheless, this second method is on the whole to be preferred. It is educational and it is just, and, if it is not conservative in moments of crisis, it is of the highest medicinal value after defeat: and defeat indeed is often the direct cause which produces it.

The French historical school had, since 1870, taken this second method for granted as universally as we in England had taken the first. Every French institution was examined and censured; every successful cause was blamed in turn, and every lost cause defended, until, in the best efforts of this school, one had an impression of tragedy almost as poignant as that received from calculated dramatic fiction.

This book is interesting because it is almost the first to show some reaction from such a method. M. Hanotaux is writing, consciously or unconsciously, under the influence of a younger generation than his own, to whom the war has already become a far-off thing, and in whom a certain contempt for the isolated and reactionary spirit of Taine is beginning to appear. Indeed there are few portraits in the volume before me, vivid as most of them are, more vivid than that in which he sums up the nature and the effect of that historian's writing in the pages 580-583. It has been a note of M. Hanotaux's mind since he assumed office, and even before, to regard with a certain resolve and even with a beginning of confidence the future of his country. In the Preface which he recently wrote for M. Millet's book, a book in which that attitude is very strongly defined, this note appears. It is not doubtful that in the succeeding things that he himself may publish, and still more in the general literature of the near future, that note will be enforced. There is nothing so silent among political forces as an economic recovery or expansion. It is not noticed or analysed until its full work is done, and this, which is at the foundation of the new French security, is hardly yet emphasised in contemporary French letters, though it is evident to everyone who visits the country from time to time, how surely it has affected the national spirit. M. Hanotaux does, indeed, recognise in his tenth chapter, notably in the second division of it beginning at page 530, how very great the economic advance has been, and years ago in the "Energie Française" he described it in some detail. But still it remains rather the atmosphere of the book than its subject.

As for the matter of the volume, it concerns of course the two critical years during which the Republican theory was finally accepted in France, the years 1873-75. It is, as was its predecessor, a mass of minute detail, but it is conspicuously superior to the first volume, both in the novelty of the matter presented and in the soundness of its judgment. It is not difficult to find the causes which have contributed to this result. M. Hanotaux has had the advantage, through the courtesy of M. Taine's family, of the de Broglies, of consulting a considerable amount of new matter; at the same time he has not stood under the fear, which must be overwhelming for a French statesman when he is discussing the Presidency of M. Thiers, of giving grave offence.

In the first volume his main subject was the Commune and its repression. A civil war of such magnitude and ferocity occurring but a generation ago, is very difficult indeed to deal with, especially if its memories have been perpetuated with that astonishing tenacity which is in France (as in Ireland) the chief mark of political activity. Perhaps the best example of the way in which he has balanced evidence, is to be found in the author's account of the trial of Bazaine. Here is a highly controversial subject dealt with in a manner perhaps somewhat neutral but scholarly, "documented" and exact. M. Hanotaux comes of course to the conclusion that Bazaine desired to save the empire, and that he thought he could do so by maintaining his army intact. But this conclusion, which is that of the man in the street, is proved and annotated so thoroughly between pages 369 and 388 as to give it a special significance. My readers will perhaps be content to read an extract from the close of that passage which gives, as it seems to me, a just measure of M. Hanotaux's method and of the nature of his conclusions. It will also perhaps serve to show the quality of the translation. That quality is by no means high, but one can at least say that it is better than the quality of the first volume. It cannot be too often reiterated that the English public is content with renderings to-day which, but fifty years ago, would have made a book unreadable. This may be accounted for by some modern difficulty of payment. It may be that in an older generation men were content to translate French and Italian for the love of the thing, as they still translate Greek and Latin, but whatever the cause the contrast between our modern translations and those in which, let us say, de Tocqueville was presented to English readers, is deplorable.

The extract of which I have spoken is as follows:—

"On a review of this evidence, the concentration of facts is so exact that it leaves little room for doubt henceforth.

"Bazaine did subordinate military considerations to political considerations, the offence with which he was reproached in the indictment of General Pourcet. Brought up in Algerian offices, having spent several years of his youth in Spain, and played a considerable political part in Mexico, he had adopted a habit of conducting combats and negotiations simultaneously.

"A man of no vulgar, but complex mind, self-centred and cautious, fatalist and obscure, without frankness, and without personal authority, he had faith neither in his army, nor in his own military proficiency, nor in victory. He had recourse to procedures in which he believed himself to be a past master. His calculations came into collision with shrewder and deeper designs.

"His mistake sacrificed the finest army of France, decided the fate of a province and the destiny of the country. He would have been wiser, more skilful, more honourable, if he had confined himself strictly to his duty as a soldier."

It is, I repeat, a just judgment, and is a singular example of history recovering its balance after so short an interval as thirty-two years, and in a matter so acutely prejudicial to a quiet examination of evidence. Still when one has done reading it one is sorry that Bazaine was not shot.

H. BELLOC.

WAVERLEY AS HISTORIAN.*

It is some years since Mr. Canning published his "Philosophy of the Waverley Novels," a work well received at the time. From Scott the philosopher he turns to Scott the historian. Nothing, be it at once said, is added to our personal knowledge of Sir Walter or the novels. The book is

* "Contemporary France." By Gabriel Hanotaux. English translation. Vol. II. 15s. net. (Constable and Co.)

* "History in Scott's Novels." A Literary Sketch. By the Hon. Albert S. G. Canning. 10s. 6d. net. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

intended rather to emphasise the historical allusions in "Waverley" and its fellows. But, it may be asked, was there a necessity for this volume? The best Introductions, historical and otherwise, by Mr. Lang, for instance, in the Border edition of the novels, deal with practically all that may be expected on the subject. Still it may fill a niche and be useful to some readers; while to Scott lovers it will be at any rate a sort of reminder of what they have already enjoyed.

Of the thirty-two stories in the Waverley series, at least more than one-half are essentially historic in their setting. Mr. Canning confines himself to fifteen of these, omitting, curiously, the "Heart of Midlothian" (full of historic touches) and "Count Robert of Paris," the first in point of period, though the last to come from the pen of the author. Naturally the questions recur, Did Scott write good history? Was he fair in the delineation of his historic characters? Mr. Canning does not set himself to answer these. In a six-line prefatory note he seems to take it for granted. "Scott's impartiality when describing periods of political and religious excitement renders these allusions specially valuable to readers at the present time." But that is no answer, or it is a mere evasion. The historians (some of them certainly) are agreed that Scott, in his novels, was an exceedingly careless and inaccurate raconteur of past life and manners, and that in his historic characterisations he was singularly partial. Yet history was Scott's forte. There has been nothing better than the "Tales of a Grandfather," for example. The pity is that the work is not more popular nowadays. Whilst Scott could rattle off a romance minus to a large extent the historical element, it was the historical sense which prevailed, and out of which, with marvellous care and foresight, he wove the materials for the grandest of his romances. "Ivanhoe," to take one example, was the result of long and elaborate study of mediæval England at the period when Norman and Saxon had scarcely begun to fuse. So thoroughly did Scott know the period, despite Mr. Freeman's assertions, that the major part of the novel was composed and dictated within a comparatively brief space. For "Quentin Durward," too, "Anne of Geierstein," "Kenilworth," and "Peveril," no inconsiderable preparation was demanded. Scott himself tells us that he spent weeks and months going over the ground to be covered by his creations. Of the more distinctly Scottish subjects, it was in a manner different, no doubt. These he had for long years at his fingers' end. He was reared in their very midst, so to speak. They were virtually "made" when he was "making himself," at the time of the Yarrow and Liddesdale "raids." And anachronisms notwithstanding, of which a few are to be encountered, the history, as a rule, and especially in his treatment of the conditions and customs of a period, will bear very close scrutiny. Of course Scott was a fictionist rather than a historian. But as the father of the historical novel, how well he brought it to perfection. As a romance-writer he was entitled to take a certain liberty with his subject, but never to twist and distort the historical truth he was dealing with. And Scott never really does that. Some of his characters (say, in "Old Mortality") may be overdrawn to a degree, and incidents introduced which are not strictly historical, still in the genuinely historic element he is always honest and sincere. Scott's idea of the historical novel was a high one. "If the features of an age gone by," he says, "can be recalled in a spirit of delineation at once faithful and striking, the composition itself is in every point of view dignified and improved; and the author, leaving the light and frivolous associates with whom a careless observer would be disposed to ally him, takes his seat on the bench of the historians of his time and country." So that, according to Scott, the historical novel belongs as much to history as to fiction itself—a view, however, which one may have difficulty in sustaining.

The novels range from the 11th to the 19th century, the 13th century only being omitted. First, we have "Count Robert" in the 11th century; three belong to the 12th—"Ivanhoe," "The Talisman," and "The Betrothed"; one to the 14th century—"Castle Dangerous"; three to the 15th—"The Fair Maid of Perth," "Quentin Durward," and "Anne of Geierstein"; four to the 16th—"Kenilworth," "The Monastery," "The Abbot," and "The Death of the Laird's Jock"; seven to the 17th—"Old Mortality," "A Legend of Montrose," "The Pirate," "Woodstock," "The Fortunes of Nigel," "The Bride of Lammermoor," and "Peveril of the Peak"; twelve to the 18th—"Waverley," "Guy Mannering," "The Antiquary," "Rob Roy," "The Heart of Midlothian," "Redgauntlet," "The Highland Widow," "The Black Dwarf," "The Two Drovers," "The Tapestried Chamber," "My Aunt Margaret's Mirror," and "The Surgeon's Daughter"; one to the 19th—"St. Ronan's Well." An analysis of the foregoing makes it clear enough that while Scott was equally at home in any century or clime, he felt himself most drawn to his own country and to the times nearest his own. No fewer than twenty-one out of the thirty-two have their scenes laid entirely or partly in Scotland, and of the remaining eleven, three—"Quentin Durward," "The Fortunes of Nigel," and "The Talisman"—have Scotsmen for their leading characters, and are marked by distinctively Scottish feeling. To Scottish history, Scott was true as steel. "Old Mortality" alone of all the novels has run the gauntlet of the keenest criticism, initiated by Dr. M'Crie, and still persisted in by the ultra-Covenanting school. Yet even in Scotland, none of the Waverleys is more read, or is more popular perhaps, and it is very near, if not quite, the finest of Scott's works. Mr. Canning devotes twice the space to "Old Mortality" that he does to the others. But the critical element is entirely lacking. Indeed, all through, one is surprised to find so little of it in the book—to the demerit of the book surely. Certainly there is no claim to criticism, and without it the work is bald enough. A mere summary of the historical portions of fifteen selected novels, arranged chronologically, it should be stated, with brief bits of introduction, and ample quotations, that is practically what the book consists of. Joseph Train, it may be corrected, and not Robert Paterson, "Old Mortality's" prototype, supplied Scott with material for his story, and Scott's share in the regal ceremonies of 1822, when George IV. visited Edinburgh, was not on the whole a very "gratifying position." The whole relation to George, as Mr. Hutton puts it, "was a grotesque thread in Scott's life."

W. S. CROCKETT.

OXFORD IN FICTION.*

The plot of this most gloomy novel, supposed to describe Oxford life, turns on a frankly described seduction, and another attempted seduction, or rather felonious assault—with shootings—forms the climax. Its admiring readers will not mind the chilly gloom, the ugliness, the hopelessness and helplessness of the story, being thick-skinned and by this time indurated to worse things, and will approve all they do not quite understand as "realistically ideal," or "ideally realist," or "Ibsenitical," or "impossibilistic"—or whatever is the long word now in vogue. But the Author's genuine merits—and they are considerable—will probably be most clearly distinguished by those who curse him most deeply for giving them needless pain, for presenting a small part—and the worse part—for the whole, and for stirring up muddy waters which he never seeks to filter. His minor characters are sharply indicated, probably studies from life, and though his villain is an outrageous burlesque, the hero and his two attendant heroines are clearly, if disagreeably, alive. Probably a first essay, the book is as a whole crude and ill-considered; its atmosphere heavily pessimistic, and its purport vague or designedly cryptic. But it displays close study of motive, singular knowledge of human weaknesses, and a sorrowful sympathy for them veiled by conventional cynicism. Here and there a passing touch—a phrase, a mere epithet—betrays the wit and humourist.

The Oxford scenes in the book argue some first or second hand knowledge of a small element in the life—the rich, lazy, gluttonous, wine-bibbing set. Other and far different acquaintances and influences would have affected a superior youth like Nigel, but everything and everybody save the two or three young gluttons are ignored in the relation. The Author has evidently seen and describes accurately Marston Ferry (the scene of the seduction), but always spells it "Marsden," which no other undergraduate probably ever did; the mistake seems to point rather to a friend, brother or cousin, who learnt the name orally on a visit to the

* "Nigel Thomson." By V. Taubman-Goldie. 6s. (Heinemann.)

whisky and soda set whom he now portrays. Though the story is just possible, not only in the Oxford but in the later London phases one is forced again and again to protest that the hero and heroines, being what they were, would have acted at each crisis otherwise than they did.

But it is not worth while going into that matter, or into the details of the story. Its defect from my own point of view—that which makes it repulsive—is that of its school. This Irresponsible Realist manner is a fashion that will before long go out. It startles, and impresses at first, but soon must weary and disgust. The story of Nigel could cheer and brighten no mortal soul. Then why tell it at all? Surely for no other excuse than a didactic purpose, which is what the Irresponsibles so vehemently disclaim. But most likely this Author will admit a concealed moral aim. Then why not point the moral in the good old way? We are supposed to gather the ethical import and teaching for ourselves—there is to be no Chorus to bias our judgment of the facts. May I point out that there *is*. You may attend a trial in court and form a fair opinion from the evidence. But the novelist garbles the facts and manipulates the witnesses at his own sweet will. If he does it properly, he may make his moral teaching plain enough. Unfortunately our Author does not give a clear, distinct impression. His facts have rather the helpless inconsequence and unreason of real life, than the moral concatenation of Art. Frankly I have no idea whatever of the Author's intention in the character and fate of his Nigel. Is it secretly only a Religious Novel? Nigel "believed nothing," and ruined, married and neglected a shop-girl. True, he had no God; but he had a goddess—his saintly Mercedes. Is it Agnostic? Nigel rails at Nature—which by a slip he once or twice calls Providence—for giving him passions and withholding the power of restraint. But then his actions are strangely unphilosophical, and he talks of Sin. Probably the key to the problem is much simpler. I halt between two opinions. Either the scheme of the work is the Ethics of Music. Poor Nigel was a devotee of Wagner and certain Sclavonic *maestri* whose names I never attempt to spell. He sinks to a fool, villain and sot. He would have done well enough if he had only stuck to Handel. Or else it is after all only a Temperance Tract in disguise. This makes good sense of it all. Nigel and his comrades were always gorging and swilling between meals. His sin was mainly the result of tempering the heat of June by gin and gingerbeer. His other fatal act was inspired by some analogous mixture. His descent is rapid; at the age of twenty-three he staggers out of the Empire Theatre and the book, a dying sot. Of course his two old Oxford friends are passing by and pronounce the usual epilogue. In fact the last chapter is inevitable and strict in every detail to the conventional model now in fashion. My own epilogue is a protest against the Irresponsibilist trick of calling young men, even this Nigel of twenty-three, "boys," as if nothing serious was to be expected from them, after their education and other advantages. One cannot help contrasting this "poor boy" of twenty-three with the boys of old time—say Edward I., who at eighteen was a steady married man, efficient and strenuous in counsel and business, in the arts of war and politics. Or with many a sturdy little man to-day, who has just passed his standards, and is getting his own living. When Nigel is cut off by Papa with a wretched £400 a year, the "poor boy" of course breaks down. Yet he was Scotch. It is all a muddle. I don't believe a word of it.

Y. Y.

THE QUEEN OF SCOTS.*

The books which have been evoked by the tragic story of Mary Stuart are almost countless in number; and still they come. Of the two most recent, each has a value of its own. In some respects they may be compared; in some, contrasted. Both are copiously illustrated; both support the theory of the Queen's guilt; both have been produced by well-known historical writers. Mrs. Maccunn's is in one goodly volume; Mr. Henderson's is in two. Mrs. Maccunn cites no authorities; whereas Mr. Henderson's references are usually ample, though not always precise. Mrs. Maccunn's narrative flows smoothly on, often enriched by shrewd remarks, but unencumbered by controversy. Mr. Henderson discusses the aims and objects of the different parties and individuals; and frequently breaks a lance with his own contemporaries.

Mrs. Maccunn's style is singularly suitable for historical writing. Her sentences are never involved, her meaning is always plain, her narrative is well proportioned, and the deftness of touch and delicacy of allusion are frequently striking. Mr. Henderson's narrative is neither so well written nor so well proportioned. All other things being equal, a woman ought to be more capable than a man of interpreting those motives and actions of the Queen which were mixed up with or underlay her tragedy. If Mrs. Maccunn has not devoted as much time as Miss Strickland did to the elucidation of the story, she brings a stronger mind to bear upon it, and compresses the result into much less space. Her opinion on many points would have horrified Miss Strickland. For example, in relating the incidents which immediately preceded Darnley's murder, she says of the Queen: "Meanwhile pity had no more entrance than remorse into her 'heart of diamond.' She hated Darnley, but mere hatred to a creature brought so low could not have supplied sustaining motive in a heart as naturally generous as Mary's. She meant to remove Darnley because he stood between her and something that she rated higher than life, something that had come to be for the moment her very life." In her discussion of the Queen's love for Bothwell, the influence of Mr. Lang may be traced. She says: "Below her politic brain, her courtly, civilised grace, her disciplined prudence, lay a nature primitive and passionate, craving for self-surrender into the hands of another, stronger, more masterful than herself. This, with tragic infatuation, she thought she had found in one whose strength was mere brute courage, whose most romantic feeling was the passion of an hour, whose force of will was unscrupulous ignorance."

The influence of Mr. Lang is also apparent in Mrs. Maccunn's attitude towards the casket documents. She would have less difficulty in accepting the sonnets than the letters as genuine; but she fears to brand the letters (apparently even the terrible Glasgow letter) as the work of a forger, for there is something in the composition "so subtly characteristic, so dramatically convincing, so inimitably inconsecutive." One cannot help regretting that Mrs. Maccunn, with her womanly insight and vigorous intellect, has not personally discussed the problem of the authenticity of the letters, and that she has practically contented herself by referring "the curious reader" to Mr. Lang's "Mystery of Mary Stuart" for a full and masterly analysis.

Those who have read Mr. Henderson's volume on "The Casket Letters" (first edition, 1889; second edition, 1890) do not need to be told that he is a keen and able defender of the disputed documents. In the text of his present work he says comparatively little about the letters; but treats the terrible Glasgow one as genuine; and the greater part of his appendix is devoted to an unsparing criticism of Mr. Lang's theories on the matter.

In dealing with the statesmen and nobles who figure in her pages, Mrs. Maccunn often displays a keen insight into character; but her estimates are not always well-founded; and some of them, indeed, it would be impossible to maintain by satisfactory proof. Sayings are sometimes attributed by her to people quite confidently, although the authority on which they rest is by no means the best. In telling of the escape from Holyrood after the murder of Riccio, she writes: "Mary rode on a pillion behind Erskine, who moderated his pace to suit her weakness, so fearful was she of imperilling the life of her child. Hereupon the King put himself into a fury: 'Come on,' he said, 'in God's name come on. If this baby dies we can have more.' The words were to rankle in Mary's memory all her life." The brutal words might well rankle in her memory, if Darnley really uttered them; but the story rests on Claude Nau's narrative, which is not above suspicion. In an earlier part of her volume, she states that history is "singularly relentless always to Darnley." There was the greater need, on that account, for caution in giving countenance and currency to such a story when it cannot be thoroughly vouched.

In dealing with Moray in an early chapter, Mr. Henderson makes this rather remarkable statement: "Knox had

* "Mary Stuart." By Florence A. Maccunn. With forty-four illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (Methuen and Co.)

"Mary Queen of Scots, her Environment and Tragedy." A Biography. By T. F. Henderson. With 102 illustrations. 2 vols. 24s. net. (Hutchinson and Co.)

even cherished a hope that Elizabeth might be induced to marry him [*i.e.*, Moray, then known as the Lord James, and as Prior of St. Andrews], for he desired that Arran might be sent and secretly kept in England 'till wise men considered what was in him, if misliked the Prior of St. Andrews second.'" The extract in this quotation, rendered more obscure by Mr. Henderson's accidental omission of two words, is taken from Bain's summary of Croft's letter of 3rd August, 1559, to Cecil. So far as the letter shows, the personal matter then in view was not a husband to Queen Elizabeth, but a head to the Protestant party in Scotland.

Mrs. Maccunn boldly affirms that "the only account we have of the actual compact made at Craigmillar is from the two members least vitally interested, Argyll and Huntly." Although the document to which she here refers is usually called the Protestation of Huntly and Argyll, there is no reason to believe that either of these noblemen ever saw it. In 1893, Mr. Henderson referred to it as "Mary's account of the Craigmillar conference *signed* by Huntly and Argyll"; but he now describes it as "prepared by the Queen and sent by her for the signature of Huntly and Argyll, though it never reached them." Of course, if it never reached them, they could not sign it.

When Bothwell wished the nobles to sign a bond in his favour, he invited them to a supper. Mrs. Maccunn says that this supper was "at a tavern kept by one Ainslie." Mr. Henderson says that it was "in Ainslie's tavern." No authority is given; and, although the statement is an exceedingly common one, either writer, or both, might find it rather difficult to prove that the supper was in a tavern.

In spite of Mr. Henderson's endeavours to be precise as well as critical, a goodly number of minor mistakes have crept into his volumes. In the very first sentence of his text he gives October, instead of December, as the month in which the Queen was born. In the very last sentence of the text, he states that Mary's remains were removed to Henry the Seventh's Chapel, in Westminster Abbey, "on the accession of James to the English throne." From such an expression, it would hardly be inferred that the removal of the remains did not take place until nine and a half years after James' accession to the English throne. Of the slips and misprints which occur between these two, several may be pointed out. Henry the Eighth's death took place within eight, not within seven, months of Beaton's removal. James the Sixth was crowned as King of Scots on the 29th of July, not on the 24th. It was not "on Monday morning, February 16th," but on Monday morning, February 10th, that Darnley was murdered. In speaking of Darnley's visit to Scotland, he says: "On Sunday, February 26th, Randolph and he were entertained by the circumspect and secretly pondering Moray to dinner. . . . After dinner Darnley accompanied Moray to the kirk to hear Knox preach. . . . In the evening the Queen and her ladies, as well as Darnley, were Moray's guests; and after Darnley had seen the Queen and various ladies dance, Darnley, at Moray's suggestion, led out the Queen, and they danced a galliard together." In this case Mr. Henderson is right with the day of the month, but wrong with the day of the week. The 26th of February was a Monday. Although this is merely a casual slip, and is not emphasised by Mr. Henderson, some readers may infer that he wished to draw attention to the seeming inconsistency of Moray; for, in another passage, he is described as a "precise Protestant," and, again, it is said that "it was hardly fitting, according to precise Protestant notions, to discuss matters of state" on "Sunday—or perhaps more properly, in the new jargon, Sabbath."

Mr. Henderson is rather unfortunate in two of his allusions to the Roman Catholic Church. He says that the Queen of Scots wrote "to congratulate Pope Pius V. on his consecration." If he turns to the letter in Labanoff, he will find that she congratulated the Pope on his promotion, not on his consecration. When Pius was elected to the Apostolic See, he did not require to be consecrated. Again, after telling that Mary baptised Curle's child, he remarks: "The incident is certainly not without its significance. Besides a sincere desire to comfort the poor woman in her great trouble, it seemed to indicate a strange disregard of the ecclesiastical assumptions, with which her life was so curiously associated." Apparently Mr. Henderson does not know that, in the case of necessity, the Church of Rome allows baptism to be administered by any one, even by a heretic, if he uses the proper matter and form. Mrs. Maccunn understands this, for she says that the Queen "was but fulfilling a tender provision of the Church for securing baptism for the frailest of her little ones." But Mrs. Maccunn is surely in error when she states that Mary "had secretly obtained from Rome the extraordinary privilege of consecrating the sacred elements for her own use." Did she receive more than the privilege of reserving the consecrated wafer?

Mrs. Maccunn avers that Mary had proof enough of Morton's share in Darnley's murder to hang him; but Mr. Henderson affirms that, if anything was proved at Morton's trial, it was that he had resolutely declined to have anything to do with the murder; and on this point he is probably right, although no copy of the evidence is known to exist.

In the course of his work, Mr. Henderson has drawn attention to a number of statements in my "Mary Queen of Scots," which he thinks are wrong. I do not intend to make a review a vehicle of defence; but may refer to two or three of his criticisms as illustrative of his rashness or carelessness.

In connection with the projected marriage of Mary and the Dauphin, he says: "On October 30th Henry therefore addressed a letter to the Scottish Estates, inviting them to send deputies to discuss terms for the marriage." And in a footnote he adds: "Letter in the Advocates' Library printed in Keith's *History*, i. 348-9. Dr. Hay Fleming in a discussion as to the date (*Mary Queen of Scots*, i. 210), in which he favours the 29th, overlooks the actual date in the King's letter, 'le trentième jour d'Octobre,' which must be regarded as decisive." Now, unlike Mr. Henderson, I did not venture to give the precise date of the letter, but pointed out that it had been assigned to three different days, the 29th, the 30th, and the 31st of October; and cited the authorities for each. I did not overlook the date in the letter as printed by Keith; but mentioned the pages in his "History" in which the letter is printed, and stated that he gave the 30th as the date. It was from his print of the letter that I ascertained his date for it. Unlike Mr. Henderson, I cannot regard the date in that print as decisive. When Keith quotes an original document, he usually says so; but, in this case, he merely says: "MS. Lawyers' Library." It may therefore be inferred that he was only quoting a copy, and the copy may not even have been taken from the original. It is certainly remarkable that, in the contemporary Records of the Scottish Parliament of 1558, the 29th is given as the day. On this point, I have compared the MS. record with the printed edition, and can certify that they agree. In both the day is clearly given in Roman numerals. There is no reason to suppose that the writer of these records did not have access to the original letter. And besides, as is pointed out in my note, Bishop Lesley, who published a translation of the letter in Latin, gives the 29th. Lesley's translation with that date appeared so long ago as 1578.

In speaking of Mary's return to Scotland, Mr. Henderson says: "The rumour that Elizabeth had fitted out a large fleet can hardly, as Dr. Hay Fleming supposes, be attributed to the rash speech of d'Oysell." Now, as a matter of fact, I made no reference to any rash speech of D'Oysell's. My words (p. 250) were: "Possibly all these fears and rumours owed their origin to *Elizabeth's* rash speech to D'Oysell."

Of Mrs. Maccunn's numerous illustrations, the most notable, perhaps, is the beautiful photogravure which she has adopted as a frontispiece, and which is entitled "Mary at Fotheringay." This portrait was discovered recently. Can it be the portrait of Mary Seton? It bears a striking resemblance, considering the difference in age, to her niece's portrait in the group of the Seton family, which Mr. Henderson has reproduced. A number of the illustrations in both of the works are very familiar; but each contains some very interesting ones. It would have been better if Mr. Henderson had given fewer and improved the quality. Some of them are not what they profess to be. The portrait of Knox is not from Beza's Icones, but is from Verheiden's Effigies. No one who has ever seen the two could confound them. The portrait which is entitled "Mary Livingstone" certainly does not represent one of the Queen's Maries. It is much too late for that. The label, which was on the back of "the original" four years ago, showed that there was dubiety as to the lady; and the dress, as well as the date on the canvas,

put Mary Livingstone out of the question. The portrait of the Queen described as "from the picture in the possession of the Earl of Morton" does not correspond with the original in some of its details, and has manifestly been derived from a copy of some kind. The "cenotaph of Darnley" is not at Windsor Castle. It has been at Holyrood for several years.

D. HAY FLEMING.

THE SHOWMAN.*

If what has been said of nations—that happiest is the one which has no history—be equally true of novels, then must "The Showman" be accounted singularly unfortunate. Seldom has a book had a more chequered career. In her very charming Introduction, Miss Irene Vanbrugh gives us this same history with a succinctness which many other biographers would do well to remember. She tells us of a freshly starting magazine which offered £200 for the best novel, anonymously submitted. Some hundreds of manuscripts clamoured at the editorial gates, and the judges' verdict was given unhesitatingly in favour of "The Showman." Then trouble reared an unnecessary head. The magazine was destined, it appeared, for the "unco' guid." The heroine's profession was against her, so an "understudy" was given her part and her prize, and it is only now that the heroine comes into her own.

Small wonder that this hard fate enlisted Miss Vanbrugh's sympathies, for the profession in question is that of the stage, but the emotion chiefly felt by the reader, to whom "Miss Vanbrugh" so alluringly introduces Leslie Sandys, will be anger that any puritanical scruples could have kept so delightful a character thus long in the background.

When Miss Vanbrugh assures us that Leslie is "a dear," the criticism is as apt as it is brief. A mere man may not hope to sum up Leslie's charm more winningly. The plot, which is excellent, matters little, and whether it deal with the theatre or not, matters nothing at all, compared to the glowing delight of Leslie's personality.

The hero is equally well drawn and is equally alive; but upon the score of his merits the author and the reader are like to fall out. The former evidently thinks him lovable. The latter will think him a contemptible cad, with no single claim for consideration other than some grace of manner and gift of personal charm. The most hopeful sign of his possible redemption is that he should so promptly have fallen in love with Leslie, for the first chapter will see every reader in the same plight. When she cries, we are grieved; when she laughs, we laugh too; and when, at last, her idol slips from the pedestal upon which her capacity for idealising has placed him, we, too, mourn as over a personal grief.

In brief, if you merely wish to read for the sake of the story, you will find "The Showman" will hold you to the end, and will delight you by the dominant note of distinction and by many passages of power. The scene in the dressing-room of the theatre, when Poppy and Terry come face to face, is, in my opinion, the most dramatic picture which has been drawn in recent fiction. But it is by the personality of Leslie that the story stands or falls; and if my readers have room in their hearts for yet another woman-friend, and will but make the acquaintance of Leslie Sandys, it will not be long before every woman will agree with Miss Vanbrugh that Leslie is "a dear," and every man will be more hopelessly over head and ears in love with her than was the hero himself.

COULSON KERNAHAN.

A BOOK FOR A RAINY DAY.†

More than a century and a quarter have separated Mr. Wilfred Whitten from Mr. John Thomas Smith, but this "Book for a Rainy Day" leads us to the comfortable conclusion that there is more of a shapely scheme in the arrival of certain men and methods than we are generally given to hope. This eighteenth-century Mr. Smith, born in a hackney coach (so typical a conveyance into London life), and pupil of old Nollekens, the much-sought-after sculptor, never swerved from his two loves, London and Art; he looked about him "all the time," to use an Americanism, and talked of what he saw. Mr. Whitten, of this twentieth century, follows and illuminates these scenes. Mr. Smith met crowds of men and women, famous and notorious. Mr. Whitten has become their biographer in miniature. Mr. Smith, in fact, jotted down a diary of gossip for a rainy day; Mr. Whitten has added a brilliant commentary; the two writers together have written a book valuable for any day and all time. But the earlier writer not only observed his period with alert eyes; he possessed also a conspicuous prescience as regards the facts we like to know to-day. There are times when the work of the newsmonger is more to our taste than the work of the genius; days, for instance, when it entertains us more to hear about digging and mulching in a garden, and the composition of soils, than about the perfected fruit and flower; days when we would rather listen to the difficulties, humours, and requirements of the railway or steamship journey than hear of all the glamour of the land at the other end of the voyage. John Thomas Smith knew this. His style and method were not literary, but neither were they dull. He did not by any means leave a bare skeleton for Mr. Whitten to cover; rather, he left a picture of his contemporary city—knowing that its face was already altering—which Mr. Whitten has not only revealed to us anew, and, again, showed to us changed, but has, with intelligent deftness, shown to us while changing. The man who was patted on the head by Johnson, held the spectacles of Reynolds, shared a glass of porter with an elephant, caught Lady Hamilton as she swooned, *and noted down these occurrences*, was the very man needed to precede Mr. Whitten. There are few men to-day who have such a store of varied knowledge of London, past and present, as has John Smith's most capable editor; as annotator, too, he is in his element, and in this "Book for a Rainy Day," his notes have found their peg to hang upon and adorn. John Thomas Smith chatted not only of art and architecture, he told of landmarks, preachers, the milkmaids at Islington, his mother's early walks to drink milk at the cowhouse away in the fields beyond Portland Chapel, of his own visit to Bartholomew Fair, too, where, having left his watch at home, he patronised the showmen at charges varying from a penny to sixpence. But whether it is an old play or an old preacher, an old custom or an old fraud, the annotator smooths off all obscurity, gives salient information concerning the subject, and arouses a fresh and individual interest in it. With these two writers, London becomes a new excitement, an inspiration to exploration; together they are capable of wringing interest even out of Tottenham Court Road, and of throwing glamour over Pentonville. Hearty praise must be offered, too, for the notable collection of illustrations now included, putting the right finish to a book fitted alike to be a reference, a guide, and a piquant entertainment.

L. QUILLER COUCH.

THE SECRET OF THE TOTEM.*

A totem—the word is a corruption of the Ojibway *dodaim*, meaning "clan" or "tribe mark"—is the name applied to living and, in a few cases, not living things, which, for the reasons given below, are held in superstitious regard by savage peoples. Speaking broadly, there are three classes of totems: the tribal, the sex, and the personal, the sex totem being restricted to either male or female, and the personal restricted to the individual. Perhaps the essential element in totemism is that the tribe which is called after some animal or plant, say Buffalo, Eagle, Turtle, or Red Maize, believes that its members are of one blood, and that all are descended from the animal or plant whose name they bear. From this conception of fundamental relationship there springs a multitude of consequences in the shape of cults and customs. For example, in a number of cases, the tribe abstains from eating its totem, and forbids, sometimes under penalty of death, marriage between members of the same totem. So important and singular an institution, prevailing notably in both America and Australia, and probably traceable, under heraldic and other disguises, wherever barbaric ideas survive, has long fostered speculation concerning its origin. This has begotten several theories, and it happens that additions to these come simul-

* "The Showman." 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)

† "A Book for a Rainy Day." By John Thomas Smith. Edited by Wilfred Whitten. With Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

* "The Secret of the Totem." By Andrew Lang. 10s. 6d. net. (Longmans and Co.)

taneously from the pens of two experts, Dr. Andrew Lang, and Dr. J. G. Frazer. The appetite of his readers will be whetted by the title which Dr. Lang gives to his treatise. Following the course of man's social advance along the lines of what Herbert Spencer has called "super-organic evolution," he clears the ground at the start by dismissing as after-explanations the various legends in which savage races account for the totem. As Dr. Lang remarks, if they knew its origin, they would not have invented myths to explain it.

In a former book, entitled *Social Origins*, Dr. Lang outlined a theory of the beginnings of totemism, to which, after standing fire from several quarters, he adheres. His readers, therefore, have the advantage of measuring the strength of the objections, and assessing the cogency of the replies. Put into brief form, the theory contends that as each class or group would be distinguished by different names, it would follow that when the reason for the name-giving was lost, as in view of the great lapse of time must be the case, a relationship between the totem and the tribe named after it would be assumed. "That relation was explained by the various myths which make the name-giving animals, plants, and other objects mystic kinsmen, patrons, or ancestors of the groups named after them. From reflection on this mystic *rapport* between the objects and the human groups of the same names arose the various superstitions and tabus, including that which prohibits unions between men and women of the same animal group-name, whether by locality or maternal descent. Critics objected that such a 'trivial accident' as a name could not be the germ, or one of the germs, of a great social system. But 'the name goes before everything,' as the Scots used to say, and in this book I have set forth the great importance of names in early society, a fact universally acknowledged by anthropologists."

As to this there can be no question. Savage psychology is full of surprises. All the world over, wherever barbaric ideas prevail, we find belief in the name as an integral part of its owner, and a resulting body of custom and tabu, all designed to protect the name from the machinations of the witch-doctor. One curious example of the name as an entity is supplied by the Kwakiutl Indians of British Columbia, among whom a man may pawn his name, say "Flying Cloud," for a year, as security for a loan of blankets or other necessaries, he remaining anonymous during the currency of the advance! In view of the nature of the security, perhaps a payment of one hundred blankets for the loan of thirty is not usurious. In his compendious book on "Totemism," Dr. Frazer cites a number of cases of name-avoidance of the totem-animal, which is an object of worship, or which, vexed at being addressed by its proper name, might work harm. For, in barbaric belief, animals understand the speech of men. Dr. Frazer's theory appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* of last September; therefore, in time for Dr. Lang's comment upon it. It is mainly based upon a remarkable belief among the Arunta tribe of Central Australia as to the cause of conception. They attribute it not to sexual intercourse, but to the entrance or incarnation of the spirit of the nearest totem centre at which the pregnant woman may happen to be, the child, when born, being named after the totem. Ignorance of the actual cause of generation, incredible as this may appear, conjoined with animistic belief, in Dr. Frazer's opinion, explains the origin of totemism. Even if the space could be accorded, this is not the place for discussion of the question, and it must suffice to direct students of the problem to the last chapter in Dr. Lang's book, wherein he summarises the objections to the incarnation theory. Each hypothesis rests on data drawn from a limited area. True, the Australian aborigines are well-nigh the lowest extant type of mankind, but the survivals of totemism among the North American Indians should supply material for broader treatment. At the back of all theories there lies the possible "secret" of totemism in primitive beliefs in a community of living things from the lowest to the highest; a belief to which, with the enlightening revision of it which advance in knowledge has secured, modern science and philosophy are making slow but sure return.

In the Introduction Dr. Tylor's name is misprinted "Taylor"; and, probably, most readers will resent the indolence or parsimony which has excluded an index.

EDWARD CLODD.

A WORD FOR LADY HAMILTON.*

Mr. Sichel deserves all the credit that his book is bound to achieve for him. He has not only written an entertaining and very interesting—indeed, in many ways, a fascinating—book, but he has at the same time added materially to our knowledge of our own national history at a very critical and dramatically exciting time. That the author has made his work a labour of love, and spared himself no toil and nothing by way of research in his efforts to acquire information at first hand, every page of his book bears witness. No doubt, it may be that it would have been better, as a matter of sentiment, if the life-story of Emma, Lady Hamilton, could have been placed before the public at some other time, rather than so near to the Trafalgar Centenary celebration, but it has been done. Much must be forgiven where a book is so excellent an one. There is no more to be said as to that. The book is undoubtedly one that will, on its merits, stand to enhance its author's literary reputation.

It will also certainly do the memory of Lady Hamilton a good turn: perhaps not before that was wanted. When a public man of Lord Rosebery's position can only refer to her as a "mere vulgar adventuress," it is surely time that something should be openly said on the other side. There is something to be said on the other side. Emphatically, Emma, Lady Hamilton, with all her private sins, was not a "mere vulgar adventuress." The author, while in no way "whitewashing" Lady Hamilton, has done his best towards rehabilitating her to a considerable degree, and in particular in establishing her claim in regard to the great public service that she really did render to Great Britain in 1798, the year of the battle of the Nile. Mr. Sichel shows on incontrovertible evidence, on the direct testimony of hitherto unknown letters and official documents, that Nelson, on the morning of Trafalgar day knew well what he was doing and was quite justified by the facts, in leaving Lady Hamilton as "a legacy" to England, in asking his countrymen, in the event of his anticipated death that day, to see to it that provision was made for her.

Mr. Sichel, as has just been said, has been fortunate in so swift an opportunity offering of meeting Lord Rosebery's widely-quoted slur on Lady Hamilton; he had previously been exceptionally fortunate, while collecting the materials for his work, in lighting upon sources of information in regard to Lady Hamilton's career that had hitherto, it would seem, entirely escaped everybody else's notice. He has his reward and he makes very telling use of his treasure trove, piecing his "finds" together with all the skill of an able literary craftsman.

The least pleasing part of the book is certainly the earlier portion, before Nelson comes on the scene. It may be that insufficient material is extant. Also, in the author's endeavour—may one say his chivalrous endeavour?—to do his best for a woman's fame, he has hardly been as candid as he might have been. The Emma Lyon of the Greville and Fetherstonehaugh days, was certainly sinned against; but no one who has gone into the matter can doubt that she herself sinned unrepentantly and of her own free desire. Even a rake and blackguard such as Greville proved himself in regard to her, speaks of her in a letter—part only of which Mr. Sichel quotes—as "giddy," an epithet that, from such a man of the world, means much. But we may pass on from these things to the real feature of the book.

Undoubtedly the most interesting and important chapters in the whole work are those telling the story of the days at Naples, between 1798 and 1801, when Nelson made his appearance in the first act of the drama, the progress of which was destined to work such fatal havoc with the hero's own peace of mind and domestic happiness. Unpleasant as the story is, it forms part and parcel of Nelson's own life-story. Here Mr. Sichel, by utilising his discovery of the correspondence, between Lady Hamilton and Nelson in the autumn of 1798, as well as the series of letters between Sir John Acton and Sir William Hamilton after that, opens up entirely new ground to the historian. He throws a strong search-light from a new quarter on what has hitherto passed for one of the most interesting mysteries of our history in the eighteenth century. In addition, the author's research has brought into the open much that had been lost to view in the

* "Emma, Lady Hamilton." By Walter Sichel. 21s. net. (Constable.)

shape of letters from the correspondence of Nelson's brother William, the first Earl Nelson, and that also of Nelson's confidential agent and friend, Alexander Davidson, which affords practically conclusive evidence as to the real relations between the Nelson family and Lady Hamilton in the years that followed Trafalgar.

To conclude: the student will find footnotes and references to Mr. Sichel's sources of information on nearly every page of the book; in addition to several carefully compiled appendices, giving biographical and other personal details of various actors in the scenes described, and quoting in addition the text of certain of the more important of the recently discovered letters and documents on which Mr. Sichel has based his narrative. The book, finally, is illustrated by twenty-seven engravings, admirably reproduced portraits and studies, including sixteen of Lady Hamilton herself in various characters and poses, Greville, Sir John Acton, Romney's chalk sketch of Nelson, Sir William Hamilton, as well as by views and contemporary sketches, some of extreme rarity. EDWARD FRASER.

BOOKS ON THE WAR—AND AFTER.

The literature of the late war does not tarry, and historians who may be at work upon it, or who may take it seriously in hand in future, are to be congratulated on the abundance of good material which the diligence of press correspondents has prepared for their use. The promptitude with which a number of independent narratives have been compiled by eye-witnesses is characteristic of the age. The echoes have scarcely ceased to reverberate with the roar of guns before the Military Correspondent of the *Times* lays before us 650 pages of "The War in the Far East,"* not claiming for it a loftier title than "A Preliminary Study of the Campaign." He has eliminated from the war articles much that was only of passing or picturesque moment, and welded them skilfully into a consecutive narrative which possesses qualities only to be obtained at first hand, reminding the reader "that those who direct armies and fleets have to deal with a number of factors of which history sometimes takes insufficient account." Even those who object, on æsthetic grounds, to the "historical present" when employed for rhetorical effect, will recognise the value of it in a progressive and contemporary series written at the seat of war. For instance, how instructive it is to read the articles published in the *Times* of January 23rd and 25th, 1904, when war appeared imminent, but a fortnight before the first shot was fired. They deal with the "Outlook for Russia."

> "Russia," writes the correspondent, "has made, and is making, the same mistake with regard to the Japanese that Napoleon made concerning the Tzar Alexander and his Russians in 1812—namely, to under-rate their tenacity and misread their character. . . . Russia is now discovering that a mere tally of war-vessels does not constitute naval predominance: that docks, arsenals, skilled mechanics, and all the vast paraphernalia of naval yards are so many component and inseparable parts of naval supremacy. Looking too late upon the ill-ordered medley of inadequate provision for all the wants of a great fleet in the restricted haven of Port Arthur, Russia recognises at last her fault, is unable to repair it, hesitates and wavers. Port Arthur contains in its narrow harbour what Metz contained for the army of Bazaine—the fatal germs of strategic death."

It is impossible not to envy the feelings with which the writer of this forecast must peruse it now in the light of full and precise accomplishment. His prescience, so fully confirmed by events, lends peculiar significance to the last chapter in the volume entitled "Our Warning from Manchuria," compiled from articles in the *Times* of December, 1904. This warning, "of wholly Imperial interest and concern," is explained to consist in the proof given by Russia, despite her disasters, of her power to maintain a mighty army thousands of miles from her own frontier, a precedent which must affect every future scheme for the defence of our Indian dominion. That has now been revealed to us which was fertile matter of controversy before, namely, that Russia, with the aid of a single railway, can maintain a stupendous force, effective for all purposes of war, far from its sources of power.

Conversely, although no spirit of hostility to Russia need inspire our plans—

> "the determination year by year of the numbers required for the successful defence of India against Russia provides the standard which must infallibly establish the whole question of Imperial defence upon a sure and stable foundation, and gives those who have the task of dealing with this great question a settled purpose, and a settled policy, irrespective of Government or Party."

It is pregnant passages such as these which raise these chapters far above their journalistic source, and render them of lasting service to all concerned in the maintenance of an empire. Special praise is due to Mr. Percy Fisher for the excellent maps which he has prepared, and to the publisher for the skill with which no less than thirty-eight of these indispensable adjuncts to a military narrative have been arranged for the convenience of readers. The diary of the war at the end of the volume is very convenient for reference.

Of the two volumes dealing with the siege of Port Arthur, that by Mr. Richmond Smith* has a brief, but interesting, preface by Lieut.-General Sir William Nicholson, in which he discusses the question to which it is of such urgent importance to find authoritative answer—namely, whether Port Arthur was a costly mistake, forming an "entanglement" which sounder strategy never would have incurred, or whether it was a strategic necessity for the conduct of war on a great scale by land and sea. It has been shown that the *Times* Military Correspondent holds strongly that it was a deadly error; Sir William Nicholson, on the other hand, emphatically confirms Mr. Richmond Smith's opinion that Port Arthur served a useful purpose, sufficient to justify its existence as a military arsenal and naval base.

> "The garrison," writes Sir William, "required for the defence of Port Arthur may roughly be estimated at 50,000 Russian troops, while the strength of the Japanese force needed to capture Port Arthur can hardly have been less in the aggregate than 150,000. The events of the war showed that in field operations, when the numbers on either side were approximately equal, the Japanese troops almost invariably succeeded in defeating their opponents. It follows, then, that if there had been no maritime fortress at Port Arthur, while General Kuropatkin might have had 50,000 additional soldiers at his disposal for field operations, Marshal Oyama's army could have been reinforced by 150,000 men; and it can hardly be doubted that under such conditions the engagements at Liaoyang, and between Liaoyang and Mukden, would have been more decisively in favour of the Japanese."

One may not leave this consideration out of account in passing judgment upon the Russian strategy, especially as it receives additional weight from two factors shown to have contributed very materially to the result. First, the Russian military authorities were justified in believing that they had made Port Arthur secure against capture by assault. In a military sense, they were right—it *was* impregnable. But, as Mr. Richmond Smith puts it, the "sublime confidence" which inspired all ranks in the Japanese army, combined with their conception of the relative value of life as citizens and death as soldiers, "enables an army to accomplish the apparently impossible." It is no reflection upon the skill of European officers or the courage of their men to say that no European force could have accomplished what was achieved by the troops under General Nogi. The price at which victory may legitimately be purchased is differently fixed in the East and in the West.

Second: heavy as was the price exacted and paid for possession of Port Arthur, it ought not to have effected the purchase. The actual fighting strength of the garrison at the time of surrender, and their stores of munition and food, were "of a sufficiently startling nature to absolutely amaze the Headquarters Staff of the Japanese Army." Instead of 10,000 men, all ill, reported by General Stoessel to the Tzar as his whole effective force, he had "over 25,000 troops able to bear arms . . . in splendid condition, well fed, well clothed," without "a trace of the scurvy so pathetically dwelt upon by General Stoessel in his report." There was enough foodstuff to last the garrison and townspeople for months, with "an almost inexhaustible store of vodka, beer, champagne and other wines." The loss of Port Arthur, therefore, and the crushing moral effect thereof, must not be laid against

* "The War in the Far East, 1904-1905." By the Military Correspondent of the *Times*. With numerous maps and plans by Percy Fisher. 21s. net. (John Murray.)

* "The Siege and Fall of Port Arthur." By W. Richmond Smith, correspondent of the Associated Press and Reuter's Telegram Company, with the third Japanese Imperial Army in front of Port Arthur. Preface by Lieut-General Sir W. G. Nicholson, K.C.B. (Eveleigh Nash.)

the account either of those who planned the fortress or of those who decided it should be held.

Upon one point of vital interest to those charged with the conduct of an army in the field, Sir William Nicholson differs in conclusion from the author of this volume. Mr. Richmond Smith attributes the singular immunity of the Japanese troops from dysentery and typhoid to their "splendid discipline," causing them to obey the orders forbidding them to drink unboiled water; whereas the Russian soldiers "suffered out of all proportion from virulent typhoid, simply because they would drink water . . . without first having it boiled." Sir William inclines to account for the excellent health of the Japanese as being due "as much to their vegetarian diet as to precautions about water." Here is a matter on which we should invite the opinion of medical men, before inviting Tommy Atkins to a fare of rice and lentils. We understand that the assurance of a daily ration of meat is one of the main incentives to recruiting in this country. To one wholly ignorant of medical science it appears that, although a meat diet may predispose the human system to the attack of dysentery, no vegetarian régime would render it immune from the effects of unboiled water charged with typhoid bacillus.

We have only space to add to this brief notice of an exceedingly graphic narrative that the scenes described are illustrated by a series of very remarkable photographs.

It is interesting to compare with Mr. Richmond Smith's account of this famous siege, the narrative of another eye-witness, Mr. David H. James, correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*.* Both writers agree to differ with Sir William Nicholson by approving of the strategy which decreed that Port Arthur should be held at any cost; and in a chapter headed "A Disgraceful Surrender" Mr. James goes even further than Mr. Smith in condemnation of General Stoessel's capitulation. He puts the effective garrison at 32,000 instead of 25,000 (the estimate of Mr. Richmond Smith); the sick in hospital at 13,000 instead of 16,000, and he supports his figures by quoting the Japanese official returns.

"From conversations with the Russian officers . . . and after a careful canvass among the rank and file, I was convinced by the unanimous opinion held . . . that Stoessel was a weak man with a loud voice and domineering manner. . . . They made it clear that he was inclined to surrender in August, but was prevailed upon not to do so by Krondrachenko, who they all agreed, without a dissenting voice, was the sole defender of Port Arthur. Had he not been killed, Port Arthur would not have surrendered."

Mr. James has some criticism to bestow upon the Japanese also, less uniformly favourable than we are accustomed to hear. He declares that, apart from the recklessness with which they spent lives to attain a definite purpose, they often did so needlessly and as the result of blunders. "The greatest of these [blunders] was under-estimation, based on a lack of knowledge of the strength of the position attacked, and the subsequent process of obtaining this information was appallingly crude and wasteful of life." He gives, as example, the second general attack which was planned for 30th October, in which 5,000 infantry out of an available 70,000 were sent to the assault, but were not supported, and the affair resolved itself into a costly reconnaissance, for which the Japanese paid "not less than £30,000 in ammunition and 2,000 fruitless casualties."

Civilian criticism of military operations must be taken for what it is worth in every campaign: the whole circumstances known to the directing head cannot be the property of any individual combatant or spectator. After all, the best general is he who makes the fewest blunders, and the uniform success which attended the Japanese arms in this great war leaves it in little doubt to whom the greater credit is due.

Baron Suyematsu's "The Risen Sun"† is far too varied and important a collection of essays and addresses to receive the consideration it deserves at the end of a review of books on the war. Indeed, the war itself occupies comparatively little of this volume, although the author indignantly and at considerable length repudiates the imputation that his government did anything to bring about hostilities.

"It was because Japan felt all along that her interests, more than those of any other country, were involved, and because China's helplessness to cope with her own calamity placed her beside the question, that Japan, little as she is, at last resolved to take up the cudgels, and was content to do battle with Russia single-handed. . . . It cannot be too often pointed out that in so doing Japan risked her very existence as a nation; and this is why we demand so boldly the common sympathy of the world in our huge undertaking. . . It is my proud privilege to perceive that, excepting in certain quarters, which have had reasons of their own for the attitude they adopt, this sympathy has from the very beginning been cordially, and almost universally, extended to us."

It is not difficult to identify the "certain quarters." The most entertaining chapters in this book are those contained in Part II., "A Nation in Training." Here we have, in idiomatic English, a sketch of Japanese civilisation, past and present, written from within the nation. The religions of the people, their habits, their moral code, their literature and arts, their relation to the Emperor—all these and other subjects are discussed, not from the foreigner's point of view, but from that of a broad-minded native. Admitting as he does that the changes in Japan have been rapid beyond historical precedent, Baron Suyematsu cannot allow that there is anything of the mushroom in her civilisation. It is founded, he claims, upon "a sound basis of ancient discipline and culture." As to the future, he is sanguine, without forming an exaggerated estimate of the commercial expansion of his country. After dismissing as illusory the Yellow Peril in the form of military aggression upon Western nations, he turns to consider the possibility of "an economic Yellow Peril," injurious to the markets of the West in the East.

"I wish Japan had such potentiality; but, alas, it would take many, many centuries before Japan could present even the semblance of such manufacturing prosperity as this. It is true the foreign commerce of Japan has made very rapid progress during the last twenty or thirty years, and we have confidence that it will increase to some extent in future, though not perhaps in the same ratio as heretofore. But what is, after all, Japan's economical capacity when compared with that of the great nations of the West?"

Forecast about a nation which has so completely baffled computation during the past half century may not be worth very much in regard to her course during the next half century; but the views of a well-educated Japanese nobleman, with exceptional opportunities for maturing the same, cannot but be worth careful perusal.

A MODERN SYMPOSIUM.*

There are many vigorous, delightful, and witty things in "A Modern Symposium." The book captures one's attention at the beginning, and holds it deftly to the end; a criticism frequently made, and only too seldom merited. It is the record of a long talk—of many monologues—between thirteen gentlemen of very diverse prejudices, convictions, and inclinations. They sit, somewhat after the manner of the urbane company of the Decameron, throughout a summer night, by fountains, beneath the nightingale, from twilight to dawn. And each sums up his Universe—its whence, where, whither. We enter the little dazzling-bright arena of each mind in turn, yet seldom become unconscious of the great night of Reality that whelms that arena, as darkness a star. As it should be, there is a faint undertone of bias amid these conflicting opinions. Each speaker partially demolishes his predecessor's argument; and so the interest deepens and broadens to a conclusion. It is, perhaps, more important still in such a book that the little parliament should consist of exactly its "quotity" of individualised and human beings. Mr. Dickinson has not quite managed that feat. He has, however, entirely succeeded, we think, with the Tory, the Man-of-business, the Poet, and the Quaker.

One very refreshing detail is the Journalist's acid analysis of that dullest of gospels—"Acceleration." He smites its fanatics hip and thigh from New York to San Francisco. Apart from this deadly delusion, all that we can (with great relief) affirm of them is that Destiny has them in her clutch. She brings a race, a man, to beauty, peace, dignity; she exterminates. It is probably nothing new to say of this peculiar people that their past lies all before them. One trivial question we must ask Mr. Dickinson: did Aubrey

* "The Siege of Port Arthur." By David H. James, special war correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, with the third Japanese Army. 10s. 6d. net. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

† "The Risen Sun." By Baron Suyematsu. (Archibald Constable.)

* "A Modern Symposium." By G. Lowes Dickinson. (Brimley Johnson and Ince, Ltd.)

Coryat really suggest the study of his verses as a tonic to "The Seekers"? It seems a real injustice to a poet not minor otherwise in the least. But if Coryat *must* have a touch of minorness, what spendthrift generosity has been meted out to the Man-of-business, Philip Audubon—style, persuasiveness, lucidity! And how finely he shatters his own hopeless negations by the very cadence of his sentences! "It may be beyond these waters there is a harbour and a shore."

"A Modern Symposium" is quite modern. It is one of the misfortunes of our age to be too-many-sided. We perceive so clearly and so dexterously the merits of our opponents, the speciousness of their point of view; we make such magnanimous allowances, and flatter ourselves so vainly on our hundred eyes, that the last thing in the world to suggest itself to us is the blessed salt of bigotry—the bigotry of being sure of what we think and of what we believe, and of expressing it, concisely. Who dreams now of ejaculating violent words like "love," "God," "piety"? How uncomfortable were a mixed company with such rumours in the air! But after all, a man may be felon-in-the-dock, juryman, counsel, usher, spectator; one office he cannot fulfil in Life's court of justice—he cannot sum up. This, however, Mr. Dickinson has attempted, to sum up. But nothing is clearer, after reading his book, than that each of his speakers, so far as he is sincere, is almost entirely right for himself, almost entirely perverted for all the rest. While the weightiest, simplest, most comprehensive testimony is that of the man—all gifts else apart—of faith and charity, "William Woodman, a member of the Society of Friends." His is not Mr. Dickinson's last word in this moonlight discussion, but it echoes on, the voice of peace.

WALTER DE LA MARE.

IN THE COUNTRY OF JESUS.*

"In the Country of Jesus" is a book that will probably appeal to devout Roman Catholics anywhere. According to the English translator, in Italy, the authoress's fatherland, it has passed through thirty editions in less than two years. One gathers that the journey was made, at least partly, in fulfilment of a "vow," and as the writer herself says, she "has sought to chronicle her impressions of the Holy Land even as she felt them, while still vibrating with the intense emotions she experienced." Not unnaturally in this state of enthusiasm—"that temper of mind in which imagination has got the better of judgment"—everything, to quote her own words again, "assumes an aspect of mystic poesy and irresistible seductiveness, which converts ugly things into things of beauty, and vivifies with magic touch even those which are dead and corrupt." The descriptions of places and people are lively and picturesque. The writer's words flow easily and rapidly, often gushingly. Her religious fervour is most obviously sincere. Her memory is full of the old religious legends, practically unknown to the ordinary Protestant, as they are learned by Roman Catholic children in convent schools, from nuns whose simple minds are stored with this and no other lore; and as the translator says, "she accepts all she sees and hears with the naïve faith of a true daughter of her Church." She not only describes places as they appear to-day, but relates in impassioned language the story of events that took place there in the distant past, with minute details of the life, thoughts, and personal appearance of the people who played their part in them. This, for instance, is how she speaks of Mary Magdalene (p. 246):

"This luxurious woman, clad in rich draperies, her head leaning on her jewel-bedecked hand, covered by a white silk mantle, from which her scented tresses escaped, her whole person exhaling balsamic odours, may have been carried in a stately palanquin . . . . to the great and glorious Zion, the City of Law, and of luxury and pleasure. Also her heart, hardened by selfishness, was without a trace of tender feeling: no tear had ever dimmed the brightness of her cold, pitiless eyes. She was hard and cruel, glorying in her charms, proud of her wealth, her jewels, her clothes, and her matchless beauty, which called forth a murmur of admiration wherever she went."

Even the people she meets casually in her travels are often viewed through this glamour of religious enthusiasm. The "English tourist," it is true, or "Anglo-Saxon," with "methodical step" and "unmusical voice," provided with "a Cook's ticket" and—worst of all—wearing a "cork helmet wound round with yards and yards of muslin," impresses her only with disgust, to which she repeatedly gives emphatic and rather amusing expression. But many others appear to assume "the aspect of irresistible seductiveness" already mentioned. This is notably the case with a certain "rich corn-merchant of St.-John-of-Acre," to whom she devotes a chapter. This "more than devout" person—introduced to her by Father Joseph, "the most popular Franciscan monk in the Holy Land," who is at once "a diplomatic agent and a most pious man"—caring nothing for the things that interest the ordinary traveller, spends three months of each year visiting the cathedrals and holy shrines of Europe, in order to acquire "the necessary courage wherewith to cope with the shrewd Jews, the obstinate Mussulmans, German freight agents, Arab porters," etc., "with whom he has to deal during the remaining nine." The devout corn-merchant tells her that when he is in Italy he always goes to Naples (her own home), "for there is no place where faith is so ardent. Religion is as it should be there (!) . . . . But how is it," he enquires, "that the façade of your cathedral is unfinished?"

"For want of funds, dear sir; the Neapolitans, though believers, are poor."

"Never mind, never mind. God will provide."

"Why don't you complete the façade for us yourself?" I asked.

"Would that I could, and many other churches besides. But it would need greater riches than I possess. I give what I can to the poor, to the houses and to the servants of Jesus. I give a good deal in Naples because I love it, with its churches where I go to confession, and to recite my rosary among the pious people."

And of this person the authoress remarks, "It may well be said of him that his left hand knew not what his right hand gave."

When we read (on p. 136) that "an outrage which took place here (Bethlehem) in 1847, when the Greeks stole the star of the Nativity (*i.e.*, the silver star that marks the spot where Christ was born), brought about the Crimean war of 1854"; and (on p. 338) of "the great Roman tower erected by Herod Antipas in memory of Tiberius Drusius" (sic), we feel that the warning in the translator's preface that the authoress makes no pretence to historical or archæological learning is not out of place.

The translator is perhaps responsible for the appearance of a number of small errors, such as the word "Fellahines," which occurs once or twice; "Caipha," on p. 28, instead of Haifa (as the name is spelt elsewhere); and for speaking of "the feet of a ravine" on p. 37. The book, which is illustrated with photographs of some of the best known spots in the Holy Land, makes on us the impression of being suited for a distinctly less educated, though perhaps more devout, public than that to which narratives of travel in the same country by English travellers with Cook's tickets are addressed.

A. M. RAMSAY.

* "In the Country of Jesus." Translated from the Italian of Matilde Serao by Richard Davey, pages xiv. and 294. 6s. net. (William Heinemann.)

The Bookman's Table.

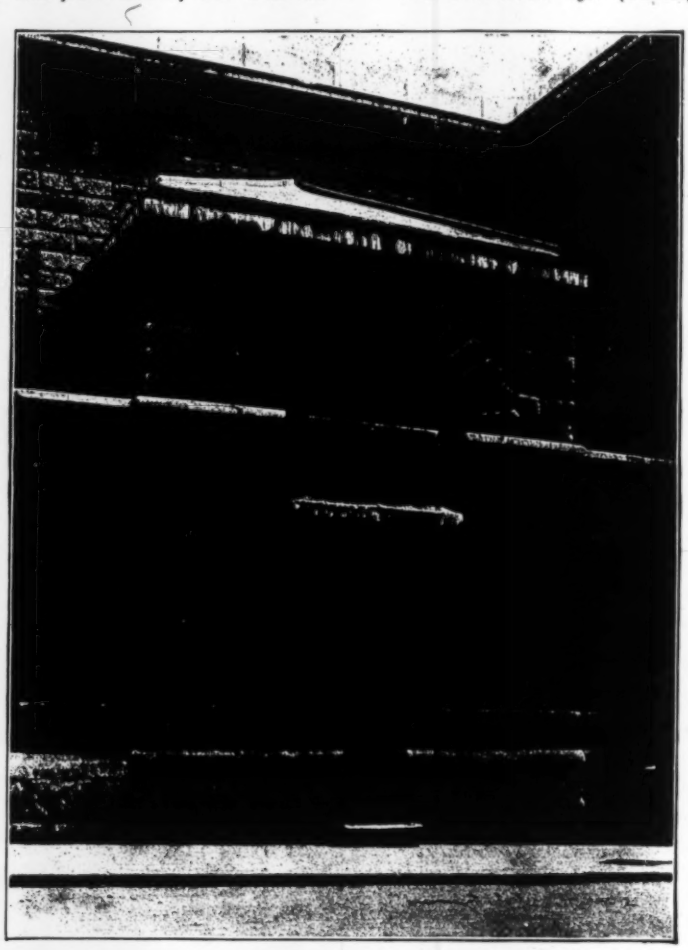
ADMISSIONS AND ASIDES. By A. St. John Adcock. 1s. 6d. net and 1s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

Essay-writing is an art now little practised. In the eighteenth century every writer could "pen an essay," as almost everyone to-day can produce a novel. It is quite conceivable that as the glut of essays in the Georgian era brought round a violent and unfortunate reaction, fiction may at no distant date, and for a similar reason, have to make room for its older rival. The twelve essays in this modest little volume are admirable examples of this difficult art. Mr. Adcock proves himself the possessor of all the essential equipment of the essayist. He has width of reading and of experience, he writes gracefully and easily, and his outlook on life is alert and sunny. There is no straining here after epigrams and paradoxes, but there is a good store of sound sense, and much shrewd criticism of literature and life.

Those who have attempted this apparently easy but really very difficult kind of writing, will best appreciate the literary skill which has saved Mr. Adcock from ever approaching the shoals of platitude. The twelve essays deal with such subjects as The Art of Keeping Young, The Value of Criticism, On Quarrelling. Every one of them contains the results of independent observation and thought, and not the least of their many merits is the Baconian brevity of their wisdom and wit.

STUDIES IN ARCHITECTURE. By Reginald Blomfield, A.R.A. 10s. net. (Macmillan and Co.)

Mr. Blomfield deserves the hearty thanks of all those lovers of architecture who desire to hasten the day when this Art will cease to be regarded as a basis for constructional gymnastics, and take its full place side by side with the art of the painter. The author strikes the true note when he says the problem of the student-critic is to find in architecture the personality of the artist, *i.e.*, the human interest of the man and his work. Among the half-dozen essays, that devoted to "The Architect of Newgate" is by no means the least interesting at the moment, when a new building is springing up on this site. This chapter is freely illustrated by some admirable photographs by Mr. Dockree.



The Debtors' Door, Old Newgate.
(Reproduced from Blomfield's "Studies in Architecture," by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd.)

AUSTRALIAN LIFE IN TOWN AND COUNTRY. By E. C. Buley. 3s. 6d. net. (Newnes.)

Of the excellent volumes that have appeared in Messrs. Newnes' "Our Empire" series, none is more valuable to the student or more entirely interesting to the general reader than this, the latest addition to them. Mr. Buley has dealt with a subject on which he is a recognised authority; an Australian himself, and a journalist of exceptional ability, he has here set himself to sketch tersely, but in fullest detail, the social and political conditions of Australia at the present stage of its development, and he accomplishes his purpose with a skill and thoroughness that were impossible to any but a man who has a personal and intimate knowledge of the land and its people. His book covers the whole range of the national life, from that of the squatter and the sheep-farmer on the bush stations, with the grim mystery of the Never-Never Land glooming beyond their horizons, to that of the town-worker stinting himself to educate his son, or of the prosperous city lawyer, with his seat in the House of Representatives; he tells, in a delightfully easy narrative vein, of the working of the woman's suffrage movement, the enviable position of the labourer, the dying out of the aborigines, the difficulties in dealing with the hooligan or "larrikin" element, the progress of education, art, and literature, and writes breezily, and with inside knowledge, about Australian journalism; picturing vividly and impressionistically all the eager, vigorous life of twentieth-century Australia in due perspective against a background of the raw and strenuous past out of which it has grown. Though he is no pessimist, Mr. Buley does not look into a future that is cloudless; he has thoughtful and ominous words to say of our Japanese alliance, of the sense in which Japan is already a menace to Australia, and of how the position is viewed by even the most Imperialistic Australians at home and abroad. He has compressed a great body of information and suggestive opinion into a comparatively small space; his style is graphically descriptive, and of a lucid simplicity; he has seen the things and studied the questions he writes of, and fashioned an independent judgment on them which he has not feared to pronounce. The book is illustrated with a number of admirable photographs.

ROUND ABOUT MY PEKING GARDEN. By Mrs. Archibald Little. 15s. (Unwin.)

Wherever Mrs. Little goes, she seems to have a happy gift of finding out for herself whatever is interesting there, and an equally happy gift of recording her experiences, describing what she has seen and known, and, in a word, making her readers interested in all that has interested her. She has written many books concerning China from the standpoint of one who has lived much of her life there, has worked among and for its people, has a sympathetic understanding of them, and is intimately acquainted with their habits and characteristics. "Round about my Peking Garden" is at once informing and entertaining; it is a delightfully gossipy chronicle of a second visit to Peking after the massacres and the siege of the Legations, and while the place was still in ruins and occupied by the allied forces. Mrs. Little's pen-pictures are admirable. There is one of the return of the Emperor and the Empress-Dowager to Peking, in which the baffling, portentous figure of the Empress and that of the gentle and elusive Emperor are presented with a wonderfully clear-cut vividness; and we are incidentally told of a prophecy concerning the former which those who distrust her will hope to see fulfilled; there is a picturesque, impressionist sketch of the quaint funeral rites of an ill-fated prince that is done with a fulness of detail and an economy of words that render it brilliantly effective. Everywhere the book is bright with colour and movement, and intensely alive; we are given illuminating anecdotes and glimpses of the contented wretchedness of the very poor, the semi-barbaric affluence, the high intelligence or amazing ignorance of the ruling classes; and the weird, haunting superstitions and simplicity or rascality that prevail among the priesthood. A fascinating volume that you may open at almost any page and in almost any mood with the certainty of lighting on something of interesting or amusing reminiscence, something of suggestive and stimulating opinion. It is thoughtfully and pleasantly written throughout, and is illustrated with numerous excellent photographs.

TROUBLE IN THE BALKANS. By J. L. C. Booth. 10s. 6d. net. (Hurst and Blackett.)

In one way this book arrives at a singularly inappropriate time, because the Balkans do not happen to be now disturbed, so that we are undisturbed by them, and perhaps the loudest of their cries to England come at the present time from Servia, which the Foreign Office does not recognise—just as once the Republic of Bolivia thought it necessary to remove these islands from its map. Temporarily the land of Macedon has ceased to trouble, and one wonders what the denizens of Sofia's cafés have to talk about, seeing that the bloodshed of their annual elections is the sole Bulgarian blood that has not ceased to be poured out in Freedom's cause. From time to time there may be a murder in the mountains or a few women may be slain by the Turks (a friend of the writer coming recently to Egri Palanka, discovered the warm bodies of seven such unfortunates laid out in the ruined church), but the massacring is not effected in the wholesale manner, and, practically, Macedonia is at peace. Therefore this book is inappropriate; it refers to wanderings in 1903 and 1904. But for two reasons, if for no more, we cordially recommend it. The public reason is that our eyes should not grow blind to what has been continued in those lovely districts these two thousand years. If our attention be usurped by Japanese and Russians slaughtering each other with formalities of war, it is not well that we should be oblivious altogether of the Turks who murder unarmed peasants quite without formalities. The private reasons why this book is one to read are that the work has been well done and that the author was equipped to do it. With his pencil and his pen, with his humour and frivolity and seriousness, with his observation and his patience, and at times his charming want of patience, he has written and drawn a good book. Perhaps in his anxiety not to be dull he has been somewhat too frivolous; but the book is good enough for us to compare it with the best, and to note down the points in which Eothen is superior. We do not say that in achievement Mr. Booth can be spoken of with Kinglake, but in potentialities one would not like to draw too stern a line, and isolated figures in this book, if only they were a little more developed, would be worthy of the older writer or of Borrow. Take one of them: the person whom our author calls—from his misplaced affection for the foreign correspondents—the Barnacle. Of course, Mr. Booth and his companion did not go to Sofia in order to meet this man—far from it—but, having once begun to describe him, the sketch might well have been developed. His was a strangely pathetic figure, pathetic in the utter futility of its life, as when he used to burst into our bedrooms with the dawn insisting that some vague report of unimportant views should instantly be telegraphed to England, or when he whispered that, perhaps with all discretion, he could organise an interview (he called them audiences) with some exalted but superannuated colonel. Alas! poor Dimitroff—killed by mistake in the park of Sofia. At all events, he had a certain understanding. Mysteriously he would confide in us that Dr. Dillon was "a very intelligent gentleman," and if he did not say the same of Mr. Booth, he would no doubt have done so if this book had come into his hairy hands.

Sir Henry Keppel and his Grandson.

(Reproduced from the "Memoir of Sir Henry Keppel, G.C.B.," by kind permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.)

MEMOIR OF SIR HENRY KEPPEL, G.C.B. By the Right Hon. Sir Algernon West, G.C.B. 7s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

The purpose of this memoir is not very clear, but it will at least prove a very acceptable memorial to the friends of this splendid sailor. Sir Harry Keppel himself made excellent use of his diaries in "A Sailor's Life under Four Sovereigns," and it has been Sir Algernon West's endeavour to disentangle from that work and from new materials what was of purely biographical interest. The result is a little meagre and unsatisfying, but the biographer has succeeded in communicating to the reader some idea of the personal charm that all his life and everywhere endeared Admiral Keppel to those who met him. The book is dedicated to His Majesty the King, a fact that pleasantly reminds us that the last two sovereigns Sir Henry Keppel served honoured him with an affectionate regard. The illustrations in the volume are particularly good. One represents Sir Henry and the King, both in yachting dress; another, of rather pathetic interest, shows the veteran admiral with his midshipman-grandson by his side.

THE SIEGE OF THE SOUTH POLE. By H. R. Mill, LL.D., D.Sc. 7s. 6d. net. (Alston Rivers.)

Dr. Mill confesses that he has never been within two thousand miles of the South Pole, but few of his readers have been much nearer to the Antarctic Circle, and certainly very few could pretend to be so well equipped, by study and personal intercourse, to write of the various explorers who have fought with the difficulties of the South Polar problem, from James Cook in the eighteenth century down to Mr. W. S. Bruce and Dr. Jean Charcot in our own day. It is an international story. Besides Continental and British explorers, American sealers and Russian pioneers have taken part in the movement. Bellingshausen, in fact, the Russian commander of the 1819 expedition, made a voyage which supplemented the earlier work of Cook, although "unfortunately until 1902 no Antarctic expedition had been furnished with details of the Russian work." Lack of co-operation, not merely among members of the same company, but between the various expeditions, has unluckily been a prevalent feature of South Polar investigation, but there is reason to hope that in the future such jealousies and friction will be largely eliminated. As Dr. Mill's book appears, a Belgian proposal is actually being ventilated for the use of automobiles in the

next Antarctic expedition. M. Arctowski, who is responsible for this suggestion, has the support of some members of the recent "Discovery" expedition, and perhaps by 1909, the earliest period at which Dr. Mill thinks it would be advisable to initiate another venture, the motor-car may carry explorers past the impenetrable ice-barrier which has hitherto baffled the ships of all nations. Dr. Mill's volume sketches with graphic detail the various endeavours to penetrate the mystery of these "thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice." Incidentally he conveys a large amount of information upon the Antarctic regions, which is inaccessible to the general reader, and altogether his volume opens strongly and successfully the series entitled "The Story of Exploration," which Dr. Scott Keltie is editing. The book is handsomely got up, illustrated plentifully and carefully, and furnished with one of Mr. Bartholomew's splendid maps. The map, however, might with advantage be placed in a pocket in future volumes of the series. When used repeatedly, as it must be, it is apt to part company with the book. Otherwise, there is nothing but praise due to the get-up and the contents of this intensely interesting and competent piece of geographical romance.

REMINISCENCES OF A RETIRED DIPLOMAT. By Sir Frederick St. John, K.C.M.G. With Portraits. 15s. net. (Chapman and Hall.)

A certain foreign diplomatist, on being once handed a plate of sandwiches at a hunt meeting by King Milan of Servia, is said to have exclaimed loudly: "Voilà comment j'entends la diplomatie—chasser, manger, boire, et se faire servir par un roi!" Sir Frederick St. John was never so rude as this colleague. *Bonhomie* is the note of his life. But in the course of his long career in the British diplomatic service he seems to have done a good deal of hunting and feasting, on the Continent, in China, and in South and Central America. Reminiscences of these lighter moments and of various distinguished persons whom he has met form the staple of this discursive yet rather fascinating volume, which is none the less readable that it has had to steer wide of any revelations partaking of the nature of diplomatic indiscretions. Sir Frederick, who was born in the diplomatic service at Florence, began his official career in that city, and ended it as Minister to Switzerland in 1893-1901. His most unpleasant days were those spent in Central America, and his most interesting pages perhaps are those devoted to an account of his time (1888-1892) in Servia, though it is plain that he has had to hold his hand at this point. Sir Frederick never rose to the highest positions in the service, and his pages are therefore free from the deadening sense of reticence and responsibility which is apt to overhang the memoirs of those who have made European history behind the scenes. The spirit of this book is that of a cheery, sensible, observant Englishman, moving in good society, who was blessed with tact and also—if he really never kept a journal or took a note—with a singularly retentive memory. Two characteristic specimens of his reminiscences may be given. One is the account of a banquet given by a Turkish Pasha, "an incident of which I vividly remember as evidence of the Oriental origin of a popular nursery rhyme. When we were all seated at table, an attendant, with great ceremony, removed the crust of a gigantic pie, serving as a centre-piece, and liberated by so doing a number of canaries. During the remainder of the evening they fluttered about the room, and distressed us much by their cries, as they singed their feathers by flying in too close proximity to the lighted chandelier." In another place he describes the behaviour of two youths in his rooms at Vienna, "one of whom, when I entered, would be reciting to the other long passages from Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.' If my work delayed me longer than the patience of these two veritable schoolboys could endure, I was made aware of their combined visit by finding every article of furniture or ornament in my room placed differently from what it had been when I left it." The youth with the memory was Lord Randolph Churchill.

REFLECTIONS OF A HOUSEHOLDER. By E. H. Lacon Watson. 3s. 6d. (Brown, Langham.)

There is only one detail of Mr. Lacon Watson's new book that is not wholly attractive, and that is its title, which has somehow a rather staid, stodgy, suburban suggestiveness with it that fails to allure. It is, of course, far better to be repelled by a book's title, and then find yourself fascinated by the book itself, than to be delighted by the title and bored by the book. You open these "Reflections of a Householder" with dim, less-than-half-believed forebodings that Mr. Lacon Watson may have married and settled down, and is here departing from the manner that has won your admiration of him to give you improving dissertations on domestic economy, the defects of our drainage system, the evils of over-taxation, the faults of servants and other such sad things that you know and do not want to know, but by the time you have passed from his opening "Reminiscences" to "Some thoughts on Cats," all your fears are gone, and though you see "Thoughts on Cookery" looming ahead, your trust in him is wholly restored and you are not afraid. In a word, here are eighteen essays written with a rare grace of style, an easy, familiar charm that weaves so gradual and subtle a spell upon you that you open the volume merely with the intention of glancing through the first one before you go to bed, and find you have forgotten your intention and got nearly half through the book before you remember it again; you decide to read no further than the next one, and go on making it the next one and the next, until you have read them all. They are just shrewd, delicately humorous sketches of the "Householder's" pleasant days, of his dogs, his cats, his friends, with exquisitely elusive glimpses of the winsome, wilful Phyllis, his wife, and pleasant gossip about his work and his books; but if the collection were twice as large you wouldn't miss a word of it, for the quaintness and interest of it are irresistible.

A HISTORY OF THE ANCIENT WORLD. By George Stephen Goodspeed, Ph.D. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable and Co.)

As Dr. Goodspeed takes the Coronation of Charlemagne in 800 A.D. to mark the close of Ancient History, he has to sketch about sixty centuries in 450 pages—a task which would tax the energies of the most rapid generaliser. The book, however, does not profess to present anything more than an outline of ancient history to be used for educational purposes. The successive paragraphs are numbered. Each division is furnished with suggestions for essays and aids to the pupil or teacher. And in this way Professor Goodspeed and his Chicago coadjutors have succeeded wonderfully well in producing a volume which may promote "the cause of sound historical learning in high-schools and academies." By its success there it can alone be properly criticised. The method of the book naturally prevents it from appealing to the general reader. Yet, even the ordinary public would find it profitable to have the volume on their shelves, were it only for the splendid series of coloured charts, maps, and illustrations which accompany the text. It is good to find the appeal to the eye being recognised in the modern teaching of history, and these beautiful illustrations more than compensate for the literary baldness which is inevitable in the text of so wide a conspectus. Account has been taken of the recent discoveries in Greece. The book is up-to-date in that respect. But, if another edition is called for, the bibliographies ought to be improved. They are partly too Transatlantic, partly too narrow. Sayce's Gifford Lectures, *e.g.*, should have been mentioned on p. 10. It is absurd to dismiss the Hammurabi literature with an allusion to two articles in the "Biblical World" (p. 32). No notice is taken of Dr. Percy Gardner's work on Greek art, or of "Hellenica"; Jebb's primer to Homer is ignored, as are Prof. Murray's versions of Euripides and Professor Butcher's volumes upon Greece. Bevan's "House of Seleucus" should have been noted on p. 483, and some at least of the recent British studies upon Plutarch and Lucian. In these and many other instances the lists of literature reveal gaps which detract from the general value of the volume. But it should be possible to rectify such omissions. In other respects, Professor Goodspeed has met a real want, and it is a matter for congratulation that students and teachers of the subject should now possess a reliable, concise outline of Ancient History, to form the backbone of fuller instruction and investigation.

Novel Notes.

THE LAKE. By George Moore. 6s. (Heinemann.)

To the critic who should suggest that "The Lake" is not a pleasant book, Mr. George Moore would probably reply that it was never meant to be anything of the kind. The objection is perfectly sound on the assumption that what Mr. Moore had to say could not be said with equal truth in a more pleasing way. There are certain facts of life which cannot be truthfully represented as anything but repulsive, and to lay it down as a general rule that facts of this nature are not a legitimate subject for art would be Podsnappery of the most fatuous sort. But to intrude repulsive features and incidents not essential to the main idea, but merely as a garnish, is bad art, and nothing else. The state of mind of a Catholic priest vowed to celibacy before he was old enough to understand what he was renouncing is a complex psychological study which has attracted more than one modern novelist. Father Oliver Gogarty, a dreamy and sensitive Irish priest, just awakening through the influence of dawning but unrecognised love to the fascination of the world, is a figure worthy of the exercise of Mr. Moore's undoubted gifts. But it is a piece of gratuitous unpleasantness to make the object of his affection (it is hardly more) a young woman who has already had one child by a nameless lover, and is at the time of the correspondence which forms the bulk of the book the mistress of another man, while nominally his daughter's governess. The valuable portion consists of Father Gogarty's letters to Rose Leicester and of the non-epistolary chapters. Together these give one of the most vivid and effective pictures of Irish landscape to be found in modern literature. Mr. Moore is unequalled in his capacity for giving expression to the wistful sadness and haunting solitude of the Irish countryside. It is interesting to notice that the chief feature of the landscape in Mr. Moore's descriptions is precisely what impressed a recent French critic of Ireland—the vast amount of water, whether in river, marsh, lake or lough, which meets the eye in every direction. Rose Leicester's replies to Gogarty show that she was mainly remarkable for a total want of reticence. Apart from this, they only contain Mr. Moore's views on art, music, and conventional morality, which are already known to his admirers, and are not likely to interest anyone else.

MOSCOW. By Fred Whishaw. 6s. (Longmans.)

In these days of local colour at any price, any country which bulks large in the public mind for the time being is sure to inspire a plentiful crop of novels. For obvious reasons, there is a Russian boom in the fiction market at the present time, and the perplexing empire of the White Czar is being made the background for many stories, the scene of which might with equal appropriateness have been laid in Timbuctoo or Clapham. But while the mechanical novelist turns to Russia because Russia happens to be the fashion in fiction just now, Mr. Whishaw chooses it for the scene of his work for the simple but sufficient reason that it is a country which he knows. "Moscow" is a tale of the French invasion of 1812, and although it is far from being Mr. Whishaw's first Russian venture, in our opinion it is decidedly his best. The story moves with a rare swing, and the reader is never allowed to pause long enough to examine the probability of any particular incident. After all, the novel of adventure has its own standard of probability, and Mr. Whishaw provides sufficient excitement to satisfy the most exacting taste. The local colour is vivid, and incident crowds on incident with such impetuous profusion that it becomes mere pedantry to inquire whether it is likely that a woman could disguise herself as a man and serve in the ranks side by side with her lover without the latter perceiving more than a faint likeness to a once familiar face. Mr. Whishaw is far too thrilling for criticism.

THE TOWER OF SILOAM. By Mrs. Henry Graham. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

Novels of smart society are apt to be monotonous, but we must admit that if they are to be written at all, the work could hardly be done better than by Mrs. Graham. She writes in a bright and vivacious style, and her puppets behave in a plausible way; they are as near to being natural as members of the smart set are permitted to be. Mrs. Graham has at least the merit of being personally acquainted with the society which she describes, and although that society is aimless and vacuous, it contains a sprinkling of healthy-minded people. It is a pity that so sparkling a writer should have descended to such gross caricature as the sketch of the Judneys, the rich stockbroker and his wife, whose sudden wealth admits them to the charmed circle of Belgravia, a circle ready to sponge upon them even while scarcely troubling to conceal its contempt. Mrs. Graham may be perfectly right as to the attitude of Belgravia to the parvenus, but she is unjust to the parvenus themselves. The Judneys are too impossible to be convincing, they are out of the picture altogether. Mrs. Graham might at least remember that it requires as much intelligence to make money as to spend it.

LOVE THE TYRANT. By Charles Garvice. 6s. (Hutchinson and Co.)

Mr. Garvice gets soon out of Australia in this story, though the plot of the book is hatched in the Bush. It is a tale of how the heir to an English baronetcy and estate chivalrously allows himself to be reckoned dead, in order to let the property pass to the next of kin, the sister of his bosom friend who has died in saving his life from the bullet of a bush-ranger. The hero comes back to England, re-visits the estate in disguise, and gets employment on it. The amount of life-saving he gets through in placid England is astonishing. To him things happen with a vengeance. But the expert novel-reader scents the end from the beginning, and the main interest of the book lies in the succession of events and intrigues between Jack Gordon's arrival and his final conquest of Esther's heart. Once the sense of probability is put on the shelf out of reach, the reader can settle down to a bright, well-written love-story, with plenty of incident, worked out to a satisfactory finish. Mr. Garvice's novels seem to have already run into a circulation of six figures in the United States alone. One can only hope the less sceptical Americans will take a peerless hero like "Jack Gordon" as the type of the young British aristocrat. It is more than English readers will.

THE BENEFACTOR. By Ford Madox Hueffer. 6s. (S. C. Brown, Langham and Co.)

This story is dedicated to W. M. Rossetti; it describes a pre-Raphaelite poet who is persuaded by his friends to publish an early novel, "Wilderspin." But these apparent clues lead to nothing. Mr. Hueffer develops his tale along pathetic and incisive lines of his own, and the result is a novel of rather striking interest. The main character, George Moffat, is an artistic kindly soul, an ineffectual genius, who cannot keep his own money owing to the Quixotic generosity which leads him to befriend more or less unworthy recipients, chiefly literary aspirants. His soft, unselfish nature, involved in a coil of social and financial perplexities, is drawn with sympathetic care, and the minor figures of the story, though they do not always hang on very closely to the main thread, serve as excellent foils to the central character. The close of the book in particular is finely written and conceived. The struggle between passion and self-sacrifice in the relations between George and Clara Brede ends on a deep note, sad but unavoidable. Occasional mannerisms of style, such as an excessive use of adverbs, are noticeable here and there. But it is impossible to deny the acuteness with which the author has handled a strangely fascinating theme.

THE FIRST MRS. MOLLIVAR. By Edith Ayrton Zangwill. 6s. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

Valeria Dyson, a handsome lady, who is no longer in her youth, agrees to marry the lover whom she rejected as a girl. This person has developed into the kindly, heavy head of a Woman's Baptist College, who lives in a villa at Streatham belonging to his first wife. The memory of the latter, a vulgar, stout upstart, tyrannises over the whole establishment, so that Miss Dyson naturally finds it an unwelcome change to pass from her busy life as secretary of a Charitable Society to the close, irksome restraint of the Laurels, where everything belonged to her predecessor. The plot of the book concerns Valeria's revolt against the outrages upon her taste and health which this new life involves. It is capitally worked out, except that towards the close things are rushed a little, and there is rather a melodramatic

touch in Dr. Mollivar's death by the fall of the first Mrs. Mollivar's picture, which he was trying to remove, out of deference to Valeria's remonstrances. The minor feminine characters are admirably drawn, from Doy, the bright young niece, to Mrs. Biggs, the housekeeper, and there are some frank lads of whom one would have been glad to hear more. It is an original and thoughtful piece of writing, which has the saving merit of being clever without being cynical. "Respect ability, not respectability, is my religion," the heroine remarks at one point. At another she suggests that the able-bodied who are temporarily out of work should be allowed to enlist for a month or two—which would secure gradually an efficient volunteer force.

THE CLEANSING OF THE "LORDS." By Harold Wintle. 6s. (John Lane.)

This prettily printed novel is a kind of political skit, and yet the writer shows a vein of independent, serious thought amid the bright developments of his plot. The House of Lords is to be purged, from time to time, by means of an Act providing for the appointment of a committee who shall transfer "the titles of those Peers who on account of Degenerate Conduct and from a Lack of Service to the State had rendered themselves unfit to hold Patents of Nobility, to those who through Merit—Political, Social, or Official—had shown themselves worthy of such Honours." The political jobbery to which this gives rise is described cleverly. And the author is careful to weave a love-interest into the tale, as well as a description of financial juggling. It is a novel with a poignant flavour of its own, which is something to be grateful for in these days of conventional plots and situations. The most ardent reformer might learn here to feel the injustice which some ultra-Radical projects of legislation occasionally involve.

THE SPECULATIONS OF JOHN STEELE. By Robert Barr. 5s. (Chatto and Windus.)

Mr. Robert Barr does not involve us very deeply in the mysteries of the railroad market or the wheat pit. He takes the large aspects of finance that appeal to the uninitiated, and presents them in their most alluring form. In this book we have some of the stock characters of the Stock Exchange novel—the impassive multi-millionaire, the unwinking eye of the great trust, the engaging but deceitful Colonel, and the young, cheery, all-successful hero. But the hero's path must be made sufficiently thorny by jealousies, plots, machinations to "squeeze" him of the product of his coups, and even projects against his life. The distinctive touch that Mr. Barr gives to the subject comes out partly in the humorous vein of dialogue and character-drawing, and largely in the skill with which he depicts the growing effect of a mental obsession. The feminine interest is somewhat thin, scattered, and unconvincing; the last chapter is a tribute to American matrimonial hustling, but the reader's appreciation of it will be more intellectual than emotional. The book would have been altogether delightful had Mr. Barr imagined such another courtship as he gives us in the story of an Atlantic trip, but perhaps finance is too exacting to leave its devotee time for any other goddess. As it is, the fascination of the present book is such as to interfere seriously with the repose of those who begin it incautiously any time, say, after 9 p.m.

HIS INDOLENCE OF ARRAS. By W. J. Eccott. 6s. (W. Blackwood and Sons.)

Mr. Eccott most nearly resembles Mr. Stanley Weyman of recent historical novelists, while yet retaining individuality. He takes us back to Paris and Picardy; to King Louis, Ninon de l'Euclos, Madame de la Vallière; to a Cardinal and his intrigues; to the heroine whose love is to be sacrificed to her noble father's creditors; to the rival and courtly lovers, the faithful and the rascal servants; and, above all, to the elderly and somewhat vain and gossipy saviour and chronicler of the family fortunes. He constructs an ingenious and absorbingly interesting plot, holding up to the end a touch of mystery of a variety new to the cape and sword novel. He falls short of Mr. Weyman's success in unexpected evolution of character; his personages enter the stage as they are to leave it, but they are no mere puppets. Apart from its success as a story, however, this second work by Mr. Eccott emphasises his claims to grace and distinction of style; he reproduces the romantic atmosphere more completely, yet with less forced archaism than most of his competitors; and at times, as in the songs and the account of the masque, he shows craftsmanship which is far more than literary promise. His accomplishment is already something to be reckoned with.

THE LAST CHANCE: A TALE OF THE GOLDEN WEST. By Rolf Boldrewood. 6s. (Macmillan and Co.)

It is pleasant to get a new book by such a veteran, and to hear he is vigorous enough to look forward to fresh laurels. But Rolf Boldrewood's "Last Chance" is anything but a novel. It is a readable tale of an Australian family, meandering along like a story carried on from evening to evening for a listening circle round a cheery fire. We begin with a prospecting adventure in West Australia, which hints at a plot culminating in the last chapter. But, lo! we have "struck oil" in the first fifty pages, and our prospectors are budding millionaires. Then we go home to Queensland with the magistrate who had risked his bank balance on the adventure, and we watch his delightful family of boys and girls grow up in wealth and health. And we must take them to England to see the Boat Race and the Grand National, to see the pets of Society, and to tour in the Lakes and the Borderland—with copious guidance from the poets, and we must see them installed in an impoverished peer's castle winning smiles and blessings and love on every hand. So cheerily on we go, and there is no need to stop except that we have filled the pages of a six-shilling book, and must reserve a paragraph at the end for the church door, rice and confetti and an old slipper. Not a thrill, not a burst of passion, but just a charming, old-fashioned gossipy story.

IN THE HANDS OF THE CZAR. By Garrett Mill. 6s. (Blackwood.)

To the unsophisticated person who knows nothing of the mysteries of the diplomatic service, the ways and manners of the various diplomats who take a hand in the game as it is played in "In the Hands of the Czar" seem stagey and too ineptly mysterious. Four of them arrive in succession at a hotel on the borders of Switzerland; three are interested in the signing of some vague document that is to bring about an alliance between Germany, France and Russia, and the fourth, the English secret agent, is bent upon preventing the accomplishment of this project or of getting to know all about it. They suspect the wrong man of being the English agent; they go in a small boat out into the middle of a lake in order to discuss their affairs where they cannot be overheard, and the Englishman schemes to obtain a knowledge of their private talk. Some of the devices (that dropping of the roses from a balcony, and the dropping of the newspapers from the same, for example) are almost childishly trivial, and one scarcely sees what the perpetrators of them gain by such simple cunning. But if we who do not know may take it for granted that secret service agents really do indulge in these little tricks and experiments, then the story is full enough of them, and is otherwise packed with incident and adventure, and very brightly and readably written. There is a beautiful English girl staying at the hotel; she is poor and alone in the world, and has gone there with the idea of picking up a husband; the English agent wins her love with the intention of using her as a spy, and it is her adventures and misfortunes that make the chief interest of the book.

DISPLAY. By R. E. Spender. 6s. (Lane.)

We have a suspicion that this tale is a parable; but if it is, we have been unable to fathom its significance, so are left to look on it as a novel with nothing more to convey than a tale. It is not a complicated matter looked at in that light, nor is it a particularly thrilling or amusing one, though many of the passages are not without humour of a kind likely to appeal to Latin and Greek scholars. The "plot"—if "plot" it may be called—deals with a London editor, a comprehensive man working on the grand scale, who sends a "special" to South Africa to investigate a report that the original of Sir Thomas More's Utopia has just been discovered there. The "special" locates what he declares to be the place, and there leaves England an expedition of scholars and other distinguished people to examine what he has found. It is with this expedition that the book deals chiefly, its experiences being followed with minuteness. In the end there is a fiasco: but the reader had better find for

himself what it is. The book is freely peppered with quotations from the classics. From the irresponsibility of the tone, we should imagine that the author of "Display" is not an old man.

BABY BULLET. By Lloyd Osbourne. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The fine literary quality that distinguished many of the stories in Mr. Lloyd Osbourne's "Love the Fiddler" and "The Queen *versus* Billy" is lacking in his "Baby Bullet," which is a light readable novel of the more popular kind, written in the easy, agreeable, somewhat commonplace style that seems essential to popularity. Not that the story itself is commonplace—it is an amusing and ingenious romance of a pretty American girl and her governess who are making a walking tour through England, and come into possession of an obsolete-pattern motor-car, which is continually breaking down, and involves them in all manner of difficulties and delectable adventures, but carries them to an altogether idyllic happiness at last. There is enough technical motor talk to delight the expert, and not enough of it to worry the ignorant; the love episodes are touched in with a charming airiness; the humour of the book verges at times on the broadly farcical, but the interest of it never flags for a minute, and it makes very pleasing reading throughout.

THE RECKONING. By R. W. Chambers. 6s. (Constable.)

This is the fourth in the series of the author's romances dealing with the War of Independence, as it affected the great New York families, "Cardigan" and "The Maid-at-Arms" being the opening numbers. Though the third is not yet finished, Mr. Chambers has published the present story, dealing with the notorious Butler and the siege of New York. The novel reads perfectly well by itself, however. Mr. Carus Renault, who has to play the spy for a time, and the Hon. Elsin Grey, are the main figures of the plot, and their successive adventures come with a rush of interest that is fairly irresistible. Mr. Chambers has had to crowd his canvas with soldiers, natives, and Indians. But the tale preserves its unity and speed throughout. It is an extremely fine specimen of its class, worthy of its predecessors and a joy to all who like plenty of swing and spirit in addition to the study of human character evolving under the pressure of a historical crisis. In the hands of a less experienced writer, the story would have become melodramatic, as at the episode of the Thendara gathering of the tribes. Mr. Chambers, however, rises to the occasion, with the result that he has again produced a thoroughly satisfying piece of historical romance.

HE LOVED BUT ONE. The Story of Lord Byron and Mary Chaworth. By F. Frankfort Moore. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

The novelist who chooses a subject of this kind runs under a self-imposed handicap. His plot is given away at a stroke, and he has often to compete, as in the present case, with the records of a romantic episode. Even those who may have no objection on principle to the exploitation of historical characters in modern fiction, naturally take up such a volume as this with a certain feeling of languid interest, and it is but fair to say that Mr. Moore succeeds in banishing this feeling at once. The difficulties of the subject have been surmounted with skill. Byron, Madame de Staël, Lady Caroline Lamb, Miss Millbanke, Sheridan, and the rest, move here in the glamour of romance which the author knows well how to suggest, and it is surprising to find how truly he has caught the note of wild passion in his hero's character. Needless to say, the novel is capitally written. It is only now and then, as when "the atmosphere" of a ball-room "became dense with flying draperies," that the art of phrase-making is obtrusive.

THE IMPROBABLE IDYL. By Dorothea Gerard. 6s. (Methuen.)

"Dorothea Gerard" could not have chosen a more appropriate title for her latest novel than "The Improbable Idyl." Much of the story is idyllic; it is certainly nearly all in the highest degree improbable. Madame de Longgarde transports an ordinary London family from the neighbourhood of Regent's Park to Austrian Poland, where they attempt to retrieve their fortunes as farmers. When we say an ordinary family, it is perhaps as well to explain that it was the parents who were ordinary, the children being quite the opposite. Still, ordinary or not, they were not in the least fitted for farming, and naturally fell easy victims to a rascally Jewish *faktor*, who was always saying "let me do," and very nearly succeeded in his amiable wish to "do" for "the gracious family." However, in the nick of time, just when the experiment has completely failed, and the farm is about to be sold up, the eldest girl's lover, a stalwart and resourceful Englishman of the type that always succeeds in the last chapter, finds a petroleum spring, and the situation is saved Madame de Longgarde has a pleasant sense of humour and a happy turn for characterisation; but by far the best part of the book is the description of life in Galicia. "The Improbable Idyl" is in no sense a "guide book" novel; but, as the critics have not been slow to notice, Madame de Longgarde has some of the late Seton Merriman's power of employing an intimate knowledge of some of the lesser visited parts of Europe as the background for her stories, till the background becomes almost more interesting than the story itself. . Austrian Poland appears to be an extremely attractive country, and the fact which so impressed poor Mrs. Hampton, that meat costs only threepence-halfpenny a pound, is far from being its only advantage. Certainly for an imaginary visit to this delightful region no one could want a more charming cicerone than Madame de Longgarde.

THE MISSOURIAN. By Eugene P. Lyle, junr. 6s (Heinemann.)

Another novel by an American writer not yet widely-known in this country. The scene is Mexico, and the period is that when Maximilian, archduke of Austria, occupies the New World throne created for him. It is a tale of stirring adventure and passionate love-making, and the central figure is the man from whom the book takes its title—the Missourian, otherwise Din Driscoll, who at the close of the Civil War finds himself a lieutenant in General Joe Shelby's brigade of Confederate adventurers, sent by his comrades as emissary to Maximilian. The Missourian is well-drawn, with few and sure lines; and excellent portraits are also given of the Marquise Jeanne d'Aumale, on a mission from Napoleon III. to the Court of Mexico; of Maximilian himself; and of one Daniel Boone, chief scout among the Missourians, "one-time editor and yet to be." There is abundance of fighting, all of it effectively done. Delicate and distinguished full-page drawings in colours are provided by Mr. Ernest Haskell.

THE PATIENT MAN. By Percy White. 6s. (Methuen.)

It is most difficult to explain the comparative failure of Mr. Percy White. He has rare gifts, a caustic and incisive style, a keen grasp of character and a genuine sense of humour. Every book that he writes contains sufficient good things for half a dozen ordinary novels, and yet for some inexplicable reason he is outstripped in the race for success by men with a mere fraction of his ability. Perhaps the reason lies in his inability or disinclination to portray any character inspiring anything but dislike or distrust in the reader's mind. In no novel of Mr. White's that we can remember is there a single lovable figure. His art is exercised in depicting characters whom it would not be too harsh to call "degenerates." We are not prepared to say that these people whom Mr. White portrays with such microscopic and relentless accuracy do not exist in modern society. Unhappily, there is the evidence of the divorce court that they do. But such people form only a small fraction of society, and it is irritating to find Mr. White lavishing his skill on representations of what is fortunately, in spite of all the pessimists, an abnormal type. "The Patient Man" is a study in blackguardism, and even the "patient man" himself, the only decent man in the book, elopes with another man's wife. It is true that the other man in this case was an unmitigated scoundrel, and that the mother of the girl he married had previously been his mistress; but this hardly improves matters, any more than the fact that the patient man is instigated by this woman to elope with her daughter. The truth is, that a society made up of *roués* and *divorcées* is singularly depressing company, and Mr. White cannot expect to attain the success which his astonishing cleverness deserves till he extends his scrutiny to the healthier portions of society. Meanwhile it is bare justice to admit that "The Patient Man" is full of subtle and penetrating touches. In remorseless analysis and insight into the morbid, Mr. White is still, and is likely to remain, unequalled among the writers of to-day.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. CONSTABLE AND CO.

A new book by an American writer dealing with Shakespeare or with English topography is too often, we regret to say, treated roughly as a poacher. The republic of letters knows no Monroe doctrine, and we take it to be an honour to English literature that an American university should have sent us the best single volume we possess on **Shakespeare's London** (6s. net). Mr. Stephenson is to be congratulated on the scholarly manner in which he has carried out a very happy project. Of every city it may perhaps be said that its visitors know it better than its citizens. It is certainly true of the City. Of the crowds that pass from St. Paul's Station up through Water Lane every day, not one in a thousand knows that he is passing close by the site of the old Blackfriars Theatre. Mr. Stephenson has written a delightful book, and one that is a distinct contribution to Shakespearean literature. It is full of enthusiasm and information, and is in the completest sense all that it pretends to be—a literary guide-book to every part of London connected with Shakespeare's life and works. Moreover, it is a well-appointed book, well printed and admirably illustrated.

MR. GEORGE A. MORTON.

The "Modern Matron," who has written a volume **To Modern Maidens** (3s. 6d. net), deserves the commendation of many sections of society, for she says straight, true words and she is never dull. In one sense she holds the old-fashioned ideas as to truth and honour, home-life and social life, the life of the heart, and —the life beyond. But she holds these ideas with a full realisation of modern demands and necessities; she speaks wisely of the intellectual life, too, and the advance of women in the life of the world. Where she is severe is in the matter of artificiality, waste, mischievous socialistic frauds and extravagances, the carelessness, callousness, faithlessness of modern times, the ineffective quests and poses of too many modern maidens. She pleads with the women of the future to be good, self-controlled, sweet-natured, sensible and lovable and healthy. "In the old days it sufficed if a woman could repress her emotions and be—a nonentity; to-day she must repress her emotions and be a personality." It is a wise book, one that should be in the curriculum of every girl in her last term at school.

MR. SYDNEY C. MAYLE.

Under the modest title of **Verses,** two singers have brought their songs together into one little grey volume which rings alternately with patriotism and homely tenderness. Mrs. Beatrice M. Allhusen and Mrs. Geraldine Robertson-Glasgow contribute alternate poems. In them the less obtrusive side of the results of the Indian Mutiny and of the South African War are touched on picturesquely; the real meaning of it all to individual men and women can be felt and imagined. We see the human being in the midst of the great event, without belittling the great event itself. After these songs of the soldier and the exile, songs of understanding and sympathy, the homelier verses come with an even sharper appeal by reason of the contrast. We see the two sides of life distinctly, the national life and the life of the heart. Such poems as "Twice Wounded," with its subtle suggestion of a soul half-released and then recalled; "The Abbé Sicard," teacher of the deaf and dumb in Paris, who was guillotined during the Revolution; and "Laborare est Orare," which is a mother's plea to God in excuse for her prayers neglected in the bustle of her busy life—these are lines which will bring tears to many eyes, and make the quick appeal of sympathy to countless hearts.

MR. DAVID NUTT.

Pre-supposing a certain antiquarian cast of mind, there is a small but enthusiastic reading public which will greatly enjoy the work which Mrs. Frances Alexander has done in **The Golden Book** (6s. net). By translating selections from four old Italian books of mediæval times, she has brought together a group of legends and accounts of the saints and martyrs of the early Church. We do not assert that it is only the antiquary who will appreciate these writings; they are for the devout, the æsthetic, but the devout and æsthetic with mediæval leanings. To these the beauty and the humour, the great faith and innocence of the Holy Fathers and religious Brothers will be a joy. To others the very simplicity of the understanding of these early devotees will be a matter for impatience. Science and logic were nothing to these men. They seemed to live half their life in a dream—or in heaven; and those who do not, fail to appreciate the beauty of it and see only the discomfort. There is a wealth of legendary lore in this charming book, and lessons for all time concerning those qualities and failings in human nature which do not change with the centuries.

THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE.

An excellent excursion into a by-way of ecclesiastical literature is a book in two volumes by Dr. Henry Lansdell entitled **The Sacred Tenth.** It is a serious but, at the same time, eminently readable study of tithe-giving and thank-offerings in the past and in modern times. The work strongly urges and proves the need of reformation in the matter of modern giving; it gives figures which are startling in their meagreness; it appeals to ministers of the Gospel, church officers, and the laity to look into this matter, search for reasons and for motives of giving, and bring about a better state of things. The allusions and references in these volumes are interesting reading in themselves alone, apart from their present application, while the appendices give many a side-light upon this important subject. Portraits, maps, illustrations, and bibliography make this publication one of genuine value for information and for guidance.

MR. WILLIAM J. HAY.

It would be hard to class the beautiful little book by an anonymous writer which comes from Mr. Hay, Edinburgh, and there is no need to try. It is called **Rob Lindsay and His School,** and is a reminiscence of seventy-five years ago, told by an old pupil of the tall, sad man who was a miller's assistant before his foot slipped while he was carrying a load of meal up the trap stair, spraining his spine for life, and leaving him to be a guide and caretaker of the very young. The little school stood on a hillside of the Grampian range; the little book stands just as separate. It is, like "Rab and His Friends," a simple chapter in the homelier life of Scotland; no story, but just a reminiscence, told without conscious art, but with a glamorous sympathy of remembrance, free from over-insistent sentimentality, and finely proportioned. A distinct charm is added to the book by the uncommon illustrations of Mr. H. C. Preston Macgoun, R.S.W. They are in themselves a source of pleasure, and an example of what book illustration might be.

MR. A. H. BULLEN.

In this twentieth century we may grieve that we lack major poets, but the quality of our minor poetry is so high as to give us rightful cause for pride. Among the most distinguished of these lesser singers is Katharine Tynan (Mrs. Hinkson), and in her latest slim green volume, **Innocencies** (3s. 6d. net), we delight afresh in her style, her simply expressed passion, and her successful daring. The poems are descriptive or indicative largely of mother-love, and the spontaneity of her emotion, the depth and fervour of her understanding, are caught and impressed in lines which appeal directly both to the heart and to the sense of beauty. Her courageous little disregard of rule and smoothness (these are but occasional) win for her added admiration rather than censure; they are as the fourth twist in the carving of a Celtic cross, a difference which impresses the beauty of the remaining perfection, and points to a human being in the background, not a machine. Here and there she has caught the charm of the older and the greater poets, and occasional lines are reminiscent. But all the poetry which Katharine Tynan writes is distinguished and of that quality which claims affection as well as admiration.

MR. JOHN LANE.

The poems of a bird-lover fill the pretty volume, **The Cloud Kingdom,** by T. Henry Wallis (4s. 6d. net). Beginning with some delightfully simple verses about his first attempt to write a deathless epic at the nursery table one fine holiday, and the pretty way in which the greenfinches interrupted him, he goes on till in the last poem he pleads with God that, if he grows old, he may still hear the blackbird singing his mellow song. From his childhood's joy in the birds he moves on to his youthful rapture and his manhood's thoughts and dreams. Each poem has the name of a bird, and the whole book is illustrated by Charles Robinson in his inimitably delicate style.

MR. ELLIOT STOCK.

As a collection of proverbs and sayings of varying antiquity on the subject of womankind, Mr. T. F. Thiselton-Dyer's book on **Folklore of Women** is interesting and amusing. His allusions are drawn from many sources and make pithy and suggestive reading. We are somewhat disappointed in the volume, however, as a piece of folklore literature. From its title we hoped to find a bit of research work of another kind, one taking the proverbs and superstitions and probing to their source as far as possible, comparing the similarities to be found in several countries and drawing critical conclusions. We hoped, in fact, for a book of more authoritative value to the student. Mr. Thiselton-Dyer's work is, however, always pleasant, and the desultory reader of antiquarian tastes will enjoy this lively side of an attractive subject.

Reprints and New Editions.

The library of Standard Biographies issued by Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. has justly received such encomiums as fall to the share of few of the innumerable series of reprints. The new volume, consisting of an abridged **Boswell's Life of Johnson** (1s. net, 2s. net leather), would be an accession to any series. To call it a reprint is indeed misleading and gives a very inexact idea of the amount of careful editorial work which Mr. Roger Ingpen has bestowed on the book. The delicate and difficult task of abridgement has been carried out with conspicuous success. The pruning-knife has left no scars, and has lopped away nothing that impairs the life or beauty of the tree. Nor is Mr. Ingpen's work only destructive. He has equipped the book with an admirable bibliography and chronological table and many excellent notes. In our opening pages we refer to his interesting suggestion regarding a Johnson memorial. Of this edition we can speak in terms of the highest praise. It is a well-bound book, containing nearly 500 pages of the most delightful memoir in the language, edited by a scholar, and purchasable for a shilling. Further praise were an anti-climax. Even happy possessors of a Birkbeck Hill or a Napier will be glad to have in one convenient pocket volume this book of books.

At length we have the most satisfying one-volume edition of **The Poetical Works of Lord Byron** (6s. net). It comes, of course, from Mr. John Murray, and comes, needless to say, with all that

appearance of dignified excellence for which volumes from that publishing house are noted. We have had from time to time the seven volumes of Byron's Works which, edited by Mr. Hartley Coleridge, include everything possible, annotated and presented in what may be taken to be a final form. But seven volumes are not handy enough for the general reader; to the student in his library they are a boon, but for the others this new single-volume edition of the only complete and copyright text is the one needed. It is based on the seven-volume edition, revised exhaustively, under the care of the same editor, who also writes a long, able, and valuable memoir of the poet.

The Writer's and Artist's Year Book (1s. net) has now attained, in the hands of Messrs. A. and C. Black, the red hue of the Reference-book, and may be accounted a fixture from this time forth. It undoubtedly deserves to be, for by it not only can the countless scores of writers and illustrators find hundreds of possible openings for their work, but the jaded editor is saved many tons of unsuitable contributions; the secret of this happy state of things lying in the fact that this desirable year-book not merely gives the names and addresses of magazines and newspapers, but in most cases denotes the style of contribution which stands a chance of being accepted. Many items of information useful to the author and illustrator are also given. Here, indeed, is a pleasant field for talent, and a mere shilling is the "Open, Sesame."

New Books of the Month.

DECEMBER 10TH TO JANUARY 10TH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

Layman, A.—A Reasonable View of the Old Testament Scriptures, 1s. ..... (Elliot Stock)

Massoretic Notes, The, Contained in the Edition of the Hebrew Scriptures. Translated and Explained by Alfred S. Geden, M.A. 1s. net (British and Foreign Bible Society)

PEABODY, FRANCIS GREENWOOD.—Jesus Christ and the Christian Character, 6s. 6d. net ..... (Macmillan)

"The story of Christianity," says the author, "of Protestantism, of Greece, of Germany, of New England, is not one of favouring conditions accepted, but of hostile conditions conquered, the victory of the mind or will or conscience over the flesh or the world." This volume, which is a series of lectures, impresses the fact that the key of social progress is to be found more in the individual overcoming of circumstances than in the nice preparations of conditions for the producing of good men.

ROWNTREE, JOHN WILHELM.—Essays and Addresses. Edited by Joshua Rowntree. 5s. net (Headley Brothers)

A volume dealing with Quakerism and its schools and missions. The temper of the addresses is just and moderate, the style is interesting and at times pleasantly anecdotal, and the enthusiasm and public spirit of the writer are undoubted.

SPURGEON, C. H.—Prayers. With Introduction by Dinsdale T. Young. 2s. 6d. ..... (Passmore and Alabaster)

Mr. Young in his Introduction says: "The day on which a volume of C. H. Spurgeon's Pulpit Prayers appears is a day to be desired." In this volume are included twenty-six prayers, and a sermon on prayer. The subjects of the petitions are varied; but whether the great preacher speaks of love, or liberty, or grace, or boldness, his words are equally trenchant and forceful, vigorous, sympathetic, and encouraging. This volume will meet with a glad welcome from all who listened to the inspiring words in the speaking voice.

STRACHAN, REV. JAMES, M.A.—Hebrew Ideals. Part First. 3s. net ..... (T. and T. Clark, Edinburgh)

The beauty of the Book of Genesis is sympathetically, almost startlingly revealed in this volume of simple interpretation. Mr. Strachan presents the men, women, and episodes of the period in an illuminating manner. This is not criticism, it is more of the nature of revelation. We see the trials and temptations, the hopes and victories, the tears and laughter, all the ideals and graces of the ancient Hebrews; and the method causes them and their natures to seem very near to us and our natures, and thus the lessons of their lives are enforced.

FICTION.

BANCROFT, FRANCIS.—Her Reuben, 6s. ..... (H. J. Drane)

BODKIN, M. McD., K.C.—A Madcap Marriage, 6s. (John Long)

CARMEN, SYLVA.—Suffering's Journey on the Earth. Translated from "Leidens Erdengang," by Margaret A. Nash. 3s. 6d. ..... (Jarrold)

CLEEVE, LUCAS.—Soul-Twilight, 6s. ..... (John Long)

HAY, IAN.—Young Blood: Seven University Stories, 1s. (Tallis Press)

A group of University stories, all, as the author assures us, "strictly untrue." The style is humorously serious, and the collection is well calculated to amuse on a rainy afternoon—or, indeed, any other.

HUGHES-GIBB, MRS.—Through the Rain, 6s. ..... (John Long)

A novel which begins with a story within a story—the diary of a girl who in childhood discovered on her arm the letters "R. S.," like a blue bruise. The secret of the girl's identity, her love and the difficulties of her love, and the revelation of the whole mystery, are brightly told in unambitious style by an author who knows the value of a sensation, but does not sacrifice probability to it.

JEPSON, EDGAR.—The Lady Noggs, Peeress. With Illustrations. 6s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)

KEIGHTLEY, S. R.—Barnaby's Bridal, 6s. ..... (John Long)

Beware of the Scylla of designing housekeepers and the Charybdis of matrimonial advertisements, but, in any case, keep a cool head. This is the warning and advice given in frankly buoyant style by Mr. Keightley in his humorous narrative of Mr. Joseph Barnaby and his journey to Elysium, through the ups and downs of voluntary and involuntary, personal and vicarious, courtship. The book is a genial farce—and we have none too many of that description.

MARABELL, WILLIAM.—Sherman Watterson. A Novel of American Life ..... (Published by the Author)

MUDDOCK, J. E.—For the White Cockade, 6s. .....(John Long)

PERKINS, ROSE.—Barbara Lavender, 6s. ..... (H. J. Drane)

Peter Quinn's Book of Marvellous Fairy Tales. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. ..... (H. J. Drane)

RAWLENCE, GUY.—Doings in Dogland. Illustrated (H. J. Drane)

SERGEANT, ADELINE.—The Choice of Emelia, 6s. (John Long)

SLADEN, DOUGLAS.—A Sicilian Marriage, 6s. (F. V. White)

TAYLOR, ERNEST E.—The Story of Magdalen Duckett. Illustrations. 6d. net ..... (Headley Brothers)

TREMAYNE, HAROLD.—Reminiscences of a Poor Hunting Man, 2s. 6d. net ..... (H. J. Drane)

An entertaining book of sporting chapters, in which love and luck, good runs and romances, are well mingled. No smoking-room should be without it.

WINGFIELD, GEORGE.—He that is Without Sin, 6s. (John Long)

WOODSIDE, ANDREW.—An Open Letter: Plain Tales of Mean Streets, 6d. net ..... (A. Sinclair, Glasgow)

NEW EDITIONS.

DIXIE, LADY FLORENCE.—Izra, 6s. ..... (John Long)

JACOBS, W. W.—At Sunwich Port. Illustrated. 6d. (Newnes)

MERRIMAN, H. SETON.—The Grey Lady. Illustrated. 6d. (Newnes)

THORNE, GUY.—A Lost Cause, 1s. ..... (John Long)

POETRY, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

BOTTOMLEY, GORDON.—Midsummer Eve. With Drawings by James Guthrie.

CASE, T. H. T.—Verses ..... (Greening)

Mr. Case has at present more poetry in his soul than in his pen—in other words, we judge from his "Verses" that he feels more than he can express. He sees beauty, he experiences exaltation, he feels glamour; as yet, however, he does not succeed in revealing these to his readers. He is apt to be rather vague and undistinguished in his work. Let him wait a while and be severe with himself.

CUNNINGHAM, REV. E. J., M.A.—The Caliph Stork (from the German of Wilhelm Hauff). Illustrated. 1s. net (Sonnenschein)

CUNNINGTON, SUSAN.—Studies in Browning, 1s. 6d. net (Sonnenschein)

Of all the modern poets—certainly of all the poets in our own language—Browning needs most elucidating, for the general reader. But the Browning lover will not admit that this is any sign of weakness. Browning wrote on large and uncommon subjects, his allusions were often strangenesses, and his own knowledge was so wide that he was apt to take for granted wide knowledge in his readers. This small volume takes four of his longer short poems, "Saul," "The Epistle of Karshish," "A Grammarian's Funeral," and "Old Pictures in Florence," gives an outline study of each, and explanatory notes. The method is excellent, clear, and never irritating, for each poem is given uninterrupted, and the Study and the Notes follow it immediately. Ordinary admirers of Browning who have not made deep inquiry into his meanings will find this a handy, helpful book.

"David the Broiderer," The Author of.—After Adam's Fall, 2s. 6d. net ..... (Kegan Paul)

DENNING, JOHN RENTON ("J. A. N.").—Indian Echoes, 3s. 6d. net ..... (Blackie)

DOUGLAS, LADY ALFRED.—The Blue Bird, 5s. net (Marlborough Press)

The writer of these verses is introspective and fond of colour. There is a voluptuousness of expression in her work, but, at the same time, a pretty use of jewels and flowers such as a child likes in a fairy tale. One of the most successful of the present collection is, "Quelque Part une Enfance Très Douce doit Mourir." It is simple and sincere; though even here we should have preferred the word "loving" to "amorous," when applied to a child. Lady Alfred Douglas appreciates the beauty in roses and pearls and so forth, but she should not crowd her jewels and blossoms.

"Erebus," The Author of.—Lyrics, 2s. 6d. net (Elkin Mathews)

Grace, facility, good taste, mark the work of this writer. Without being a great poet, he is full of poetry and always dignified. His quiet manner of following a thought con-